HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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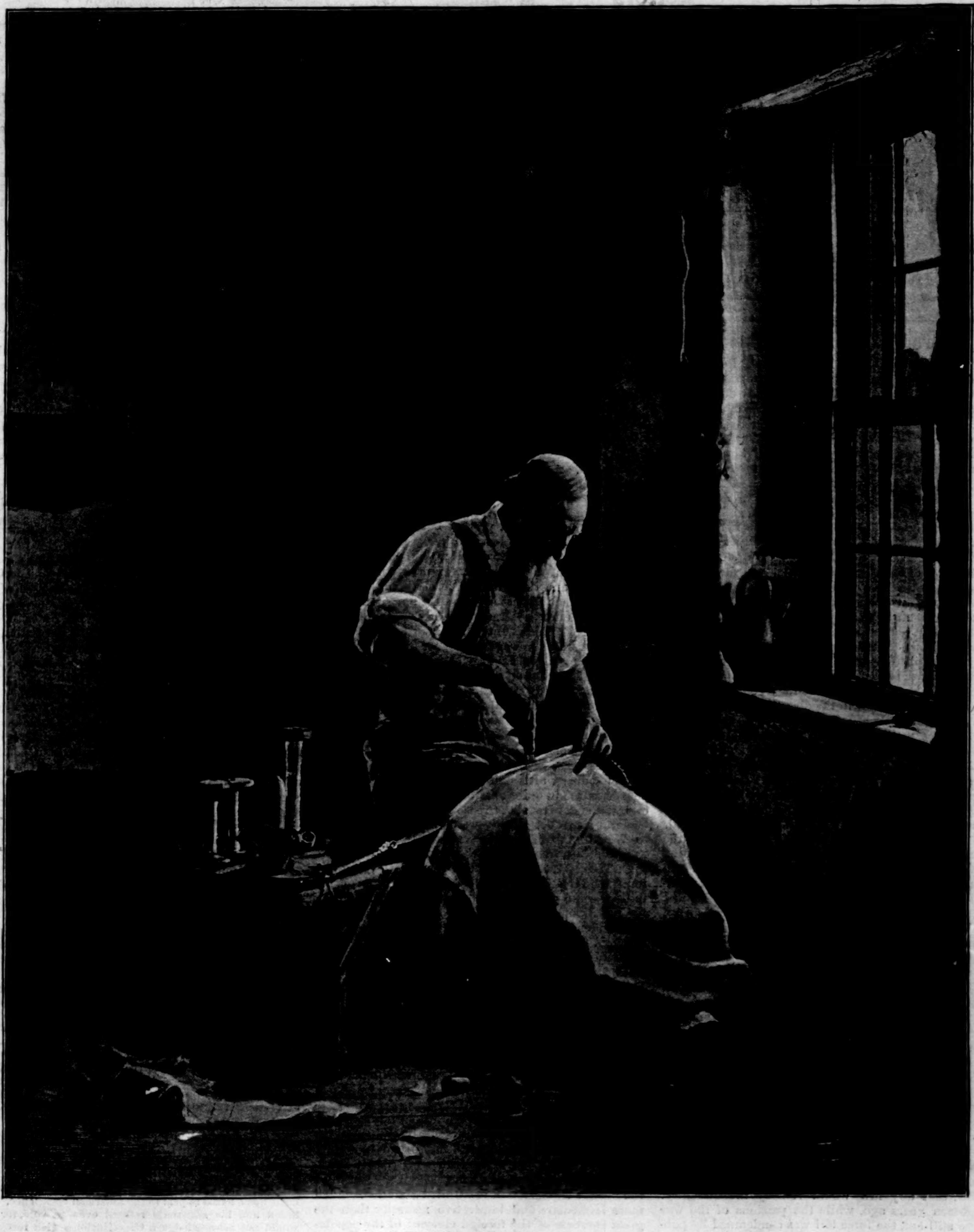

"THE SAIL-MAKER."—From the Picture by Edgar M. Ward, N. A., in the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.—[See Page 955.]

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A FORECAST OF THE SESSION.

It is stated that inquiry among the 166 Republican members of the new House of Representatives shows that 101 favor tariff revision according to the Senate tariff bill of last session, 98 favor subsidies, and 88 favor national control of elections. If this statement be accurate, these three measures could be made the party policy by a caucus, and it is quite certain that the Senate would acquiesce. The Senate tariff bill, however, was framed in accordance with the platform of 1888, which proposed to reduce the surplus by repealing the tax upon spirits and tobacco; and in the event that such reduction was not enough, by the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of the protective system. The platform also opposed free wool in any form. But this was before the protest of New England Republicans in regard to iron, and before the protests of the wool interest, and before Senator Frye's reported assent to the free admission of "a coarse kind of wool grown in South America that is not profitably grown in this country." It was also before the plain evidence of the last year, including the autumn elections, that the demand, not for free-trade, but for a revision of the tariff in the direction of raw materials, has gained, not lost, force.

Subsidies rather than the free purchase of ships would be favored by high protectionists as a means of reducing the surplus, and the same reason would persuade the same members to support a service pension. The increase of the pension grants, however, seems to be a scheme of doubtful popularity. There is no popular belief that the country is ungrateful, or that it is stingy toward the soldiers; while the Tanner episode, which was merely a demonstration toward service pensions, and government by pensioners and pension agents, has awakened a very intelligent and positive public sentiment which cannot be wisely defied. Subsidies and bounties, as a policy, and without very conclusive reasons in particular cases, are not, and will not be, permanently popular. The educational campaign proceeds all the time, and all such questions are much more intelligently apprehended, and opinions are much more enlightened, with every month that passes. To tax enormously beyond the public needs, and to collect an immense surplus merely to be spent in such ways as ingenuity can devise, is not a policy which will commend itself to American common-sense.

The third measure, the national control of elections, is one for which the ostensible plea is the suppression of the colored vote in certain Southern districts. Such suppression is not denied. On the contrary, the declaration is frankly made that negro control will not be permitted. But while the wrong is not denied by Southern Democrats, it has not been shown by Northern Republicans, nor is it possible to show, that any law would remedy the difficulty. Eighteen years ago, while the passions of the war were still hot, the force bill was condemned by public sentiment, a Republican as well as Democratic, in this part of the country. That bill provided that combinations to deprive negroes of the right of voting should be evidence of a denial "by the State" of the equal protection of the laws, and the President might use the army and navy to suppress them. If public opinion in both parties would not sustain such a measure at that time, is it likely now to support similar legislation to compass the same result? Can it, indeed, under the American system, be accomplished by any law whatever? This is the question which must be answered by the advocates of the bill. The wrong is evident and undeniable. But are there no wrongs which even an act of Congress cannot remedy, which can be remedied only by time, by argument, by a change in public sentiment, and by the logic of facts?

THE STORY OF THE TREATY FOR ST. THOMAS.

The intimation that the administration is contemplating the annexation of islands, perhaps Cuba, perhaps the Sandwich Islands, will not arouse enthusiasm. Such an enterprise might serve as a diversion of public attention from the situation which has led to the result of the autumn elections; but there is no sign of any general desire of a further and sudden increase of alien interests, traditions, and sympathies in the population, or of any sense of need of territorial extension. The suggestion, however, gives peculiar interest to the story of the last effort at annexation, which was Mr. Seward's negotiation for the island of St. Thomas in 1866–69. This is told with fulness, interest, and complete knowledge by Mr. Edward L. Pierce, of Boston, the biographer of Mr. Sumner, in a pamphlet just issued, under the title of *A Diplomatic Fiasco*, in reply to a paper by Miss Olive Risley Seward. It is difficult to understand what advantage for the United States Mr. Seward supposed could be derived from the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, which he wished to buy. The last was practically an abandoned island; the other was practically worthless—"its population one-tenth white, two-thirds black, and the remainder mixed." Alaska contained half a million square miles, and the price was $7,200,000. The St. Thomas purchase contained an area of seventy-five square miles, and the price proposed was $7,500,000.

It has been suggested that we were committed to the bargain, and that the rejection of the treaty was a breach of faith. But no proof of such an assertion has been offered or could be produced. General Raasloff, the very able and accomplished Danish Minister, to whom, on the 1st of January, 1865, Secretary Seward proposed the treaty, had lived in this country for many years, and was perfectly aware that the executive department might propose but could not complete a treaty. It was nearly three years before the papers were ready for the consideration of the Senate. There was great apparent indifference upon the part of Denmark, and there was evidently no desire upon our part for such an acquisition. General Raasloff, perhaps the ablest of Danish statesmen of his time, had returned to his country, and had become Minister of War. But he was the sponsor for the treaty to his countrymen, and he urged the completion of the bargain. The consent of the islanders was obtained, and Denmark, thus fully committed to the separation, awaited only the ratification of the treaty by the Senate. But nobody here seemed to wish the islands. The Foreign Committee of the Senate, of which Mr. Sumner was chairman, and Messrs. Fessenden, Cameron, Harlan, Morton, Patterson, and Casserly were members, although averse to the treaty, suspended action in order to allow Mr. Seward and General Raasloff to show reason for the ratification. General Raasloff left his post at home, and hastened to Washington to urge favorable action. Mr. Sumner told him frankly that there was no hope.

In March, 1869, General Raasloff left Washington. The treaty was laid upon the table by the committee, and a year later it was reported to the Senate for rejection. The only disastrous consequence was the sudden end of General Raasloff's career. He resigned the Ministry of War, withdrew from public life, and left his country. For the rest of his life he lived at the various capitals of Europe, and died at Passy, near Paris, in 1883. He knew our government well. But he could not understand that the assurance of a Secretary of State and a great party chief, whose party completely controlled the government, that the Senate would certainly confirm the treaty, was the self-deception of an optimistic temperament. In a letter to Mr. Sumner, with whom his relations were always most cordial, General Raasloff, when the fate of the treaty was evident, spoke of himself as "having been, more than anybody else (Mr. Seward, of course, excepted), instrumental in bringing such a calamity and humiliation upon my country." The story of the St. Thomas treaty is significant. No good reason has yet been advanced for the insular expansion of the United States. A much more immediate and imperative necessity than the great increase of the foreign element of the population is the hastening of the assimilation and homogeneity of that which already exists.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

The country in which a political revolution seemed least to be expected was Brazil. Dom Pedro was the connecting link between monarchy and a republic. Apparently he was the most intelligent, progressive, and able public man in his country, who foresaw the probability of a change from the monarchical to the republican form in its government, and frankly announced his readiness to retire from what the Emperor Joseph of Austria called his "business" whenever the country should signify its desire. Dom Pedro, indeed, is a singularly modern man. He is highly versed in contemporary science, literature, and art. He is a careful student, a wide traveller and observer, and he promoted all mechanical and industrial improvements in his empire, and practically encouraged political liberalism. If Brazil were to become a republic, he seemed the very man to be made President. So far as is known, there was no oppression for which revolution was the only remedy. On the contrary, it was the greatest act of Dom Pedro's reign—relief from the oppression of slavery—which is alleged as the spring of the revolution. It is said to be an act of vengeance upon the part of the planting plutocracy, which resented emancipation.

But nobody had a theory adequate for the facts when they were announced. The most unexpected of revolutions had occurred, and nobody could explain it. There is, as yet, no other evidence that it is a popular revolution than that it was peacefully accomplished. That, however, may mean only that a few leaders were able to control the army, which an unarmed and ignorant and scattered population could not resist. Whether Rio de Janeiro can really accomplish a change of government for the whole country, like Paris for France, remains to be seen. The first movements were, it seems, unresisted. The change was effected, and the provisional government installed, without a blow. On Saturday the revolution was announced; on Monday Dom Pedro had left the country. Nothing is more striking in the situation than the fact that the deposed Emperor, one of the most enlightened and public-spirited of men, thoroughly abreast of his time, was a Braganza, the royal house of which some of the scions have been among the least enlightened among modern Europeans. His expulsion from the country and the overthrow of his government are less the test of the real ability of the revolutionary leaders and the condition of public sentiment than the character and course of the administration which has been improvised will be. If they can use successfully the existing machinery of government, it will be the best possible proof of the general acceptance of the revolution.

With the fall of Dom Pedro the last American monarch vanishes, and, as we have said, he was most effectively Americanized. It is perhaps not without significance that he disappears as the Congress of all the American states is sitting in Washington. There has never been much sympathy of any kind between North and South America, and even our knowledge of our neighbors is small. But the influence of our example and our occasional political remarks, like those in Monroe's famous message of 1823, have had a very decisive effect. The demonstration of the triumphant practicability and immense power of popular government is sure, in an age of a free press and general education, to mould all governments anew. It was said suggestively, in the very week of the Brazil revolution, but before it was known, that the personal character of the son of the Prince of Wales would probably prevent his ascending the English throne, and also that the penal laws of Russia might be modified because of American revelations of their iniquity. Our latest historian, a close student of ourselves and political observer, says, "It has come to be recognized as a decided disadvantage for a public man to be known as shrewd rather than honest." These are not disheartening signs. They are, indeed, incentives to the good citizenship which insists that popular government shall be proved to be in every sense the best government.

A VETERAN ABOLITIONIST.

As we write, Oliver Johnson is reported to be very ill. His name is not generally familiar, but he is the last survivor of a historic body of twelve men who organized the abolition movement which ended in the constitutional prohibition of slavery. The only one of the twelve names which is really known beyond a very small circle is that of Garrison, who is among the most famous of Americans. The almost universal and indignant hatred of the abolitionists, the mob fury to which they were subject, and the execrations with which they were pursued, make one of the extraordinary chapters in the history of the century. Yet they are as worthy of honor as the earlier revolutionary Sons of Liberty.

They demanded immediate and unrecompensed emancipation, but relied wholly upon peaceful means, and gave no countenance to violence or insurrection. Their movement was a moral appeal to the American conscience. Garrison and his adherents refused even to vote, for they would not acknowledge a Constitution which recognized slavery. This position led to a break in the original body, resulting in the Liberty party, and then, by a union of antislavery Whigs and Democrats, the Free-soil party, and finally the Republican party. These were all conscience parties, and they all sprang from the steady and uncompromising abolition denunciation of the crime of slavery, and of what they held to be the criminal participation in it of the free States under the Constitution.

Like the Puritans, who were the progenitors of colonial America and the republic, the abolitionists were the fathers of the modern American Union of freedom. Both of them were representatives of a resistless movement. The late Professor Alexander Johnston, in his admirable summary of our history and constitutional development, says truly:

> "The abolitionists had never ceased to din the iniquity of slavery into the ears of the American people. Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, with all the other political leaders of 1850, had united in deploring the wickedness of these fanatics, who were persistently stirring up a question which was steadily widening the distance between the sections. They mistook the symptom for the disease. Slavery itself had put the South out of harmony with its surroundings, and still more out of harmony with the inevitable lines of the country's development. Even in 1850, though they hardly yet knew it, the two sections had drifted so far apart that they were practically two different countries."

As the civil war approached, it was often said that if Garrison, the abolitionist, and Yancey, the fire-eater, could be hung, all would be well. Just as well as it would have been in 1775 to hang Sam Adams and Thomas Jones, or any other Tory. Garrison and Sam Adams were not the current, but they showed its force and direction. Oliver Johnson was one of a group which America, that stoned them, will gratefully remember. His position in this generation is that of Major Melville in the last—Melville, whom Webster celebrated, and whom Holmes commemorates in his "Last Leaf," the latest survivor of Sam Adams's tea party.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

New York, for reasons which are familiar and conclusive, is the best place for an international exposition. But any other American city has an equal right to desire it; and for that reason, and because the decision rests with Congress, and for the further reason that sugar catches flies more surely than vinegar, a more friendly tone in the competition with Chicago would have been wiser. Ridicule and contempt and exasperating depreciation may exercise the cleverness of newspaper contestants. But an acrimony has crept into the controversy which is of evil augury for the prosperity of the Fair.

The old painter who used to reiterate to his pupils the truth that big pictures are not great art was a shrewd teacher. It is equally true in debate that fury is not force, and the sarcasm which stings does not persuade. It produces the state of mind which is incompatible with conviction, and discussion pursued in that key soon degenerates into mere blackguardism. The gibes and sneers which have been interchanged between the two great cities in regard to the site of the Fair have plainly not promoted its interests.

There is a great deal of human nature in Congress, and the undoubted primacy of New York among American cities will not of itself avail to incline Congressional favor toward New York as the seat of the Exposition. It is very much easier to excite a feeling of prejudice and hostility toward it than toward any other city. In a rivalry of the kind involved in this contention all the other cities are in a sense the under dogs in the fight, and carry sympathy and feeling accordingly. Members of Congress are undoubtedly selected statesmen, but among some of them there may be a lingering willingness to "take New York down a peg or two," and it might have been well to bear this possibility in mind. Probably when the whole case is submitted, the reasons for preferring New York will be irresistible. But they would have been equally strong if the champions of New York had rested their case upon its obvious merits, instead of commenting briskly upon the opposing counsel.

A MILLIONAIRE SENATE.

The entreaty which a Democratic politician in Ohio addresses to his party not to elect a mere millionaire to the Senate expresses a feeling which is very general that such elections are too common. It will not be alleged, however, that as men distinguished chiefly for the possession of great wealth are elected to the Senate the ability and character of the Senate increase. The reason is that the qualities which enable men to accumulate great wealth are not such as fit them to be wise legislators, great orators, and leaders of men. Illustrations of this truth will readily occur to every New-Yorker and to all intelligent Americans.

The real objection to a millionaire Senate is that wealth is no indication of Senatorial fitness. A legislative assembly of rich men does not because of its riches command general respect and confidence, any more than a bench of millionaire bishops would be regarded for that reason as especially qualified for the episcopate. In the case of the Senate, moreover, there is a feeling of disqualification arising from the suspicion that it is really money, and not public capacity and intelligence and experience, which has determined the choice. To this is added the further feeling that a millionaire Senate is a signal illustration of the increasing ascendency of mere money in politics.

It is understood that the nomination to a high office in New York at the late election was offered to a gentleman for twenty thousand dollars. It will not surprise anybody, nor is it by any means a novel offer. The system of assessing candidates is a mere system of sale of offices. But it is quite as great a crime, and demands summary correction quite as peremptorily, as the suppression of the colored vote in some of the Southern States. The newspapers which denounce one as treachery and rebellion, and complacently connive at the other by supporting the offenders, invite the contempt of honest men. Both are offences against popular government of the gravest kind. But neither party is in a position to accuse the other.

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER'S PROTEST.

It is but natural that General Fitz John Porter should decline to remain silent under the severe strictures upon his course contained in the Nicolay and Hay *Life of Lincoln*, and he has published a warm protest. He justly says that, as the confidential secretaries of Mr. Lincoln and in possession of his papers, their work will be regarded as an authoritative history of the administration and its times, and that he cannot acquiesce in what he believes to be the sore injustice done to him by what seems to him the prejudiced minds of the biographers. "You have charged me," he says, "with that which to a loyal soldier is worse than death."

General Porter patiently persisted, against what seemed a hopeless condemnation, in asking for a reconsideration of the judgment of the first military court, and it is only the truth to say that the adverse judgment was reversed, not only by the later court, but in public opinion. The verdict of Generals Schofield, Terry, and Getty, in the thorough re-examination of the case ordered by President Hayes, which completely acquitted General Porter; the similar acquittal by Congress after a prolonged debate, in which party passion was sedulously inflamed against him; and above all, General Grant's frank, manly, and unconditional confession, after the firm conviction of many years, that he had been entirely mistaken, and by persistent disbelief of his innocence had done General Porter an immense wrong—all these judgments are forcibly recalled by General Porter, and will be conclusive with the great multitude of his countrymen who cannot investigate the charges for themselves.

It is hard for an old soldier to see in a book which he knows will be accepted as history that he was a traitor to his country in her darkest hour. But it is very fortunate that against that judgment he can interpose such unquestionable and decisive rejoinders as General Porter presents. We cannot doubt that his appeal will lead the biographers of Mr. Lincoln to reconsider their statements most carefully in the final form of their work, mainly intent, as they should be and are, that in estimates of conduct in circumstances so passionate and angry, when facts are so readily obscured, no injustice shall be done.

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE IN DANGER.

It would be unfortunate if the Postmaster-General should urge the President to make spoils of the railway mail service, which was included in the reformed service only a short time ago. The system under which this service acquired its greatest efficiency was one of examination, and it would have been practically the reformed system if the selection of candidates by politicians had been abolished. This was the change effected by including the service within the rules, and this political selection is what is sought to be re-established by withdrawing the railway mail service from the reformed system.

Its condition at the beginning of the Cleveland administration is cited as admirable. Certainly it was, and its deterioration under Mr. Vilas was due to political interference. But its previous excellence was not due to political nomination, but to the examination. And its condition under the rules is not such as to demand a return to the old political favoritism in nomination in order to improve it. The Postmaster-General's gibes at examinations in the "cube root" and "the climate of Africa" must have been incorrectly reported, as Mr. Roosevelt thinks, because, as Mr. Roosevelt says, he could not have shown himself so ill-informed upon an important branch of his own service.

The railway mail service is one of the most onerous of all public employments. It requires a special knowledge and aptitude which can be properly ascertained only by the general system of inquiry and test which is applied by the rules. Experience and practice in detail are indispensable to the efficiency of the service, and no stupidity could be greater than to subject the employés to the whims and convenience and bargains and intrigues of local politicians. The effort of such gentlemen to make party patronage of this service should be firmly resisted, and it is very reassuring to observe the resolute and definite remarks of Commissioner Roosevelt upon the subject.

THE NEW NAVY.

The recent sailing of the squadron composed of the cruisers *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Yorktown*, modern ships under the command of modern officers, is an event of great significance, because it introduces to the world the new American navy. The fluctuations of the history of that navy are remarkable. At the close of the last century, in the early days of the Union, foreign contempt for the United States was fostered by the absence of national ships to assert and maintain our rights. Under Jefferson we were the apostles of the rights of neutrals, but he and his party were unwilling to supply a navy to enforce them, and American pride was sorely galled by the treatment of other nations.

The insolence of foreign impressment of seamen upon our merchant-ships was the popular cause of the war of 1812. But the war languished until a navy was improvised, and that was done with extreme difficulty. To build the war ships upon the lakes all the material of equipment was brought overland for an immense distance, and the vessels were built of green timber, one of them being launched nine weeks after the wood was felled. But the small navy, which comprised only a dozen vessels, large and small, when the war began, had permitted a perfection of training, while the colonial fisheries, which the splendor of Burke's eloquence has immortalized, was an admirable school of courageous seamanship.

The Treaty of Ghent said nothing of impressment. But it was not necessary, for the navy had settled the question, and determined our national position. Yet, nearly fifty years later, when the civil war began, a committee of Congress reported that only two vessels, one of twenty and another of two guns, were available for the defence of the Atlantic coast. Farragut, Porter, and their comrades, however, restored the old glory of the American naval name, and by 1864 there were twenty-five iron-clads, and the whole naval force was 588 vessels, with 4443 guns and 35,000 men. A few years later we were third or fourth upon the list of great powers in the amount of expenditures for a navy, but with no corresponding results. At last, however, the squadron which Rear-Admiral Walker has just taken to sea announces the return of our naval renown, and it is a matter of congratulation that the credit is to be awarded to both of the great political parties. The Republican Secretary Tracy has already acknowledged the service of his Democratic predecessor, Whitney, and both Secretaries witnessed with a common pride and pleasure the departure of the squadron.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Milner-Fothergill, the widow of the eminent London physician, is now in this country making arrangements for the publication of the writings left by her husband. Dr. Milner-Fothergill, who was probably more widely known on this side of the water than any other English physician, used to make it his boast that he had the handsomest house and the handsomest wife of any doctor in London. His widow does not look more than thirty-five, and is a beautiful woman, with a very graceful figure, dark hair, and a pair of singularly fine eyes. She has divided her time in the United States between Chicago and the East, and is now visiting friends in Connecticut.

—Annie Pushkin, the granddaughter of Russia's greatest poet, is confined in the dreaded prison of St. Peter and St. Paul at St. Petersburg on a charge of complicity in a Nihilist conspiracy. She is eighteen years old, beautiful and talented, and her arrest, effected during the recent absence of the Czar, is said to have been caused by the Grand Duke Alexis. The Czar, since learning of the details of the affair, is furious against all concerned in it, for the name of Pushkin is exceedingly popular throughout Russia. Every anniversary of the death of the poet, who fell in an unfair duel fifty years ago, is religiously observed, while the name of his murderer is abhorred.

—Among the first-class clerks in the Pension Office at Washington is the widow of the late Confederate General George Pickett. She was married during the war, when the varying fortunes of the conflict had placed her and her lover on opposite sides of the lines, and the meeting for the ceremony was attended with danger and adventure. Mrs. Pickett was fifteen years old then, and now, in her forties, retains much of the beauty which made her a charming bride.

—The mansion which was General Jackson's head-quarters during the battle of New Orleans is now owned and occupied by Dr. Maximilian Ferdinand Bozano, a scholarly bachelor, hermit, and philosopher, whose life has been intimately associated with that of the city for the past fifty years. At the breaking out of the war he declared his allegiance to the Union and came North, where he remained until the capture of New Orleans in 1862. Then he returned to the city of his adoption, and took charge of the mint, with which he had formerly been associated. He has held various Federal offices under Republican Presidents since the war, and has been a leader of the more respectable wing of his party in the State. Among his intimate friends were Lincoln, Grant, Johnson, and Farragut, and important documents in their handwriting are now in his possession.

—Among the baby monarchs who in recent years have been prematurely thrust upon their thrones is King Thantai, of Anam, a quaint youngster of nine years. He seems to realize the responsibility of his position, and disdaining childish amusements, applies himself to study. Having mastered the intricacies of the Chinese alphabet, he is now studying French, and is not averse to occasional excursions into the realms of philosophy. His favorite toys are a miniature railway train of fine mechanism—the engine of which steams and puffs, and draws the cars over real rails—and a little steamboat of similar perfection.

—Chicago received a noble gift by the will of the late John Crevar, who left $2,500,000 to found a public library. He stipulated that French novels and works of an immoral character should be excluded.

—In celebrating his seventy-sixth birthday recently ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman recalled the fact that it is over sixty years since he made his first Democratic speech.

—The fact that Miss Kate Drexel, of Pittsburgh, has a fortune of about $6,000,000 gave especial prominence to her renunciation of the world the other day. She will not remain in the Order of Mercy, in which she took her novitiate, but will establish a distinctly American sisterhood, which will do missionary and charitable work among the Indians. She will probably build and endow a house for the order somewhere in the See of Omaha.

—Moses Boyd, of Dedham, Massachusetts, has been a Boston and Providence railroad conductor for forty-six years, and is the oldest conductor in active service on any road running out of Boston. He is seventy-four years old.

—The sensation of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco is Ling Chuck, who is known all over the Celestial world as the most celebrated actor of the age. He came to this country under a ten months' engagement, for $5000, and among his accomplishments is that of being able to leap over chairs and tables with the agility of an insect, the appellation of "the human fly" being not inaptly applied to him.

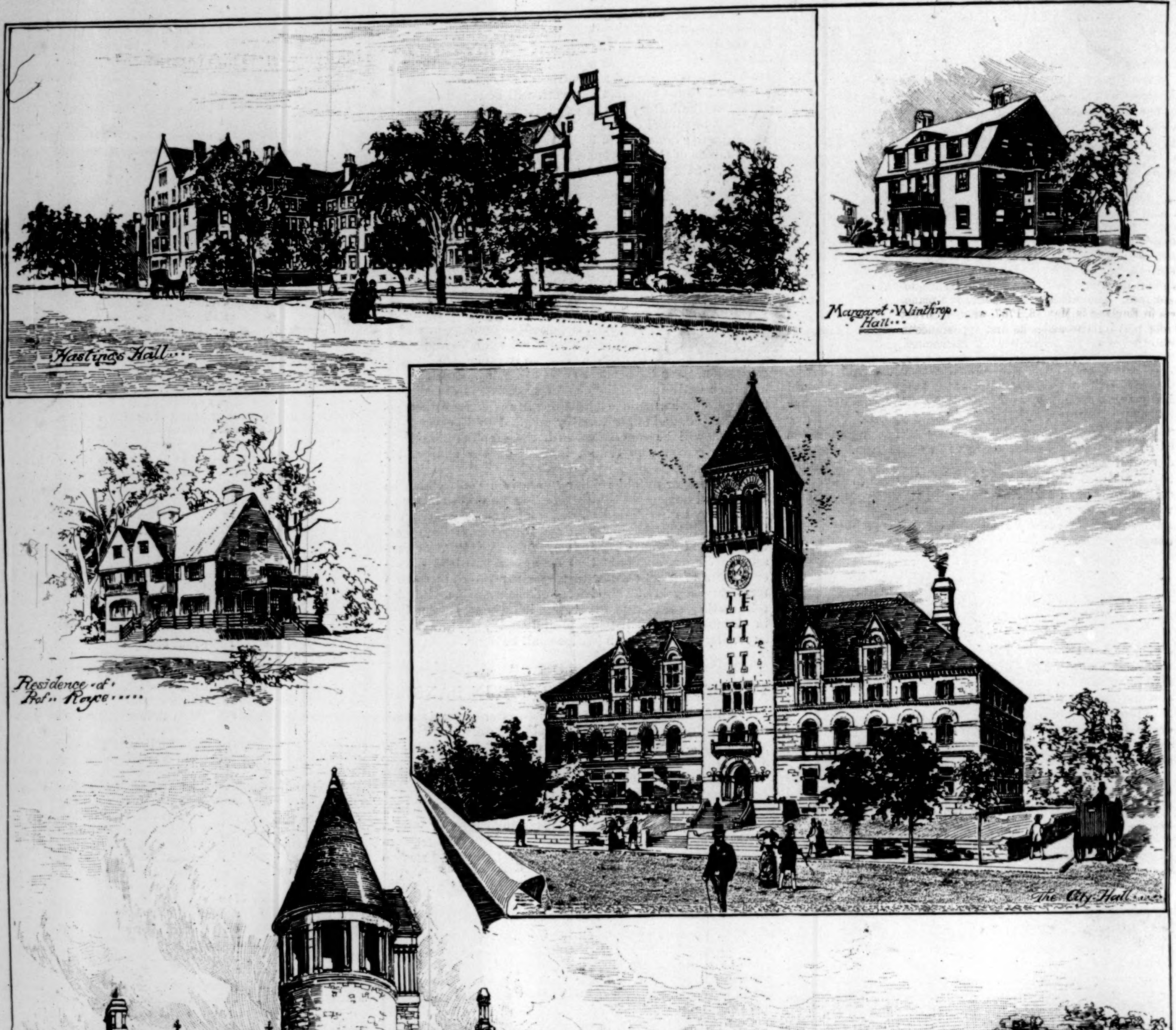
—General Mahone owns a handsome residence and estate in Petersburg, Virginia, and has the reputation of entertaining his friends most hospitably. His mint-juleps are pronounced superior to any other concoctions of a similar character.

—General Francis E. Spinner, ex-Treasurer of the United States, and universally known by his signature, visited Washington a few days ago while on his way to Florida to spend the winter. He is eighty-seven years old, and quite feeble.

—Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, of Boston, has travelled about 70,000 miles in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union since 1884, and has addressed audiences in many different countries.

—Some of the admirers of John Brown have reclaimed from its service as building material the lumber of which the great abolitionist's scaffold was framed. It is proposed to restore it as nearly as possible to its original shape. The leg irons that the old man wore during his imprisonment at Harper's Ferry are also in the possession of a disciple of John Brown, a resident of a small town in the interior of New York.

—The new custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace in Stratford-on-Avon is Joseph Skipsey, known as the Collier or Pitman Poet. He is a Northumbrian and a distinctively self-made man. His father died when he was a baby, and when he was seven years old he was sent into the coal-pits at Percy Main, near North Shields, England, to work from twelve to sixteen hours a day. He had then learned his alphabet and to spell words of two letters, but in the darkness of the mine, with a candle end, a bit of chalk, and hand-bills for copy-books, he taught himself to write and read. For over forty years, while pursuing his underground work, he continued to educate himself, and he early began to write verse. After leaving the mines, at the age of nearly fifty years, he became a store-keeper, and then an assistant in a public library. Some of his literary work has attracted wide attention.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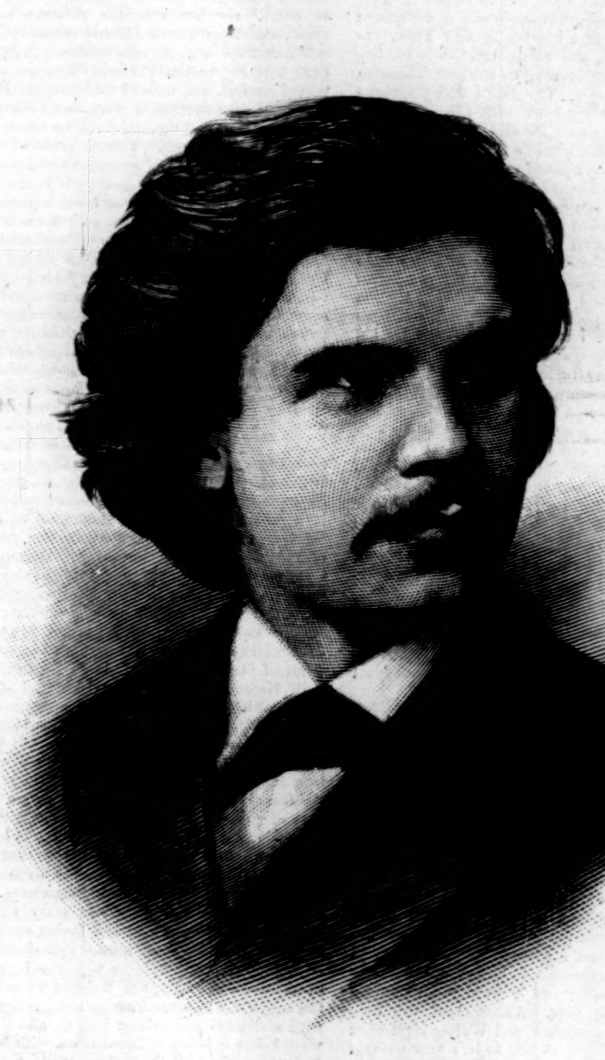
The Rindge Industrial School...
Hughson Hawley

RECENT ARCHITECTURAL ADDITIONS TO CAMBRIDGE.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 954.]

A NEW MASTER OF THE PIANO.

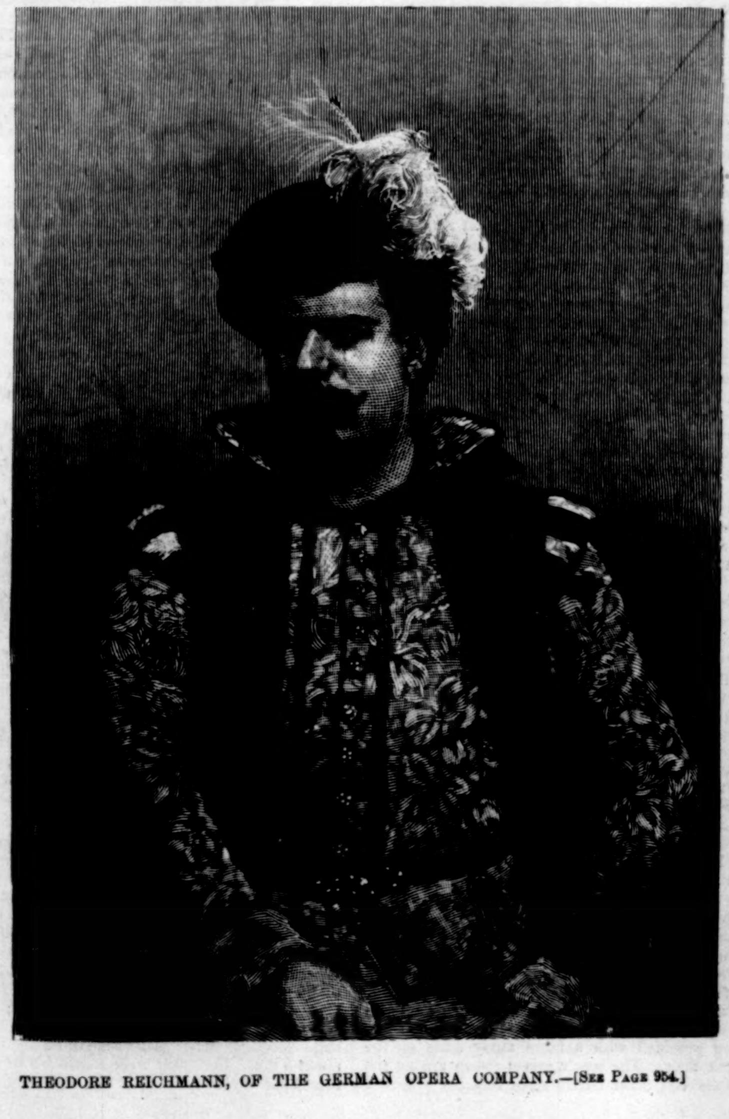
The piano-forte, like the violin, is a direct descendant of the monochord. But, unlike that other offspring of the single-stringed lyre—the violin having preserved its present form for over a century and a half—the piano has successively developed from its first construction to its present one by various periods of inventive genius. More than any other musical instrument it is part of our home life. The vast majority of the people, who look upon music merely as an amusement and not as a profession, receive whatever musical taste they possess from the piano. The popular airs of the day, of the nursery, of college, find their elaboration upon this evolution of the monochord. The piano, like the violin, is of Italian origin; but it is a remarkable fact that the most important of the various mechanical additions to the first "piano et forte" have been largely the result of the fertile genius of the inventive Anglo-Saxon race. The earliest public notice of a piano-forte in England is May 16, 1767, when a Covent Garden play-bill chronicles its first appearance in an orchestra as an accompanying instrument. After Act I. of the *Beggar's Opera*, the bill announces that "Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from *Judith*, accompanied by Mr. Dibden on a new instrument called Piano Forte." As a solo instrument it appears to have been used for the first time in London June 2, 1768, at the Thatched House, by John Christian Bach. The *invention* of the *grand piano* is generally attributed to a Dutchman, Americus Baccers, or Backers, in 1772, and his invention was ultimately known as the "English action"—as it was always called abroad, for the reason that John Broadwood, of the great firm of London piano-makers of that name, with his apprentice, Robert Stodart, assisted Backers to bring this action to perfection—a word which may be used unreservedly, as more than a hundred years have passed by and the direct "English action" has not yet been superseded. It has met all the demands of the far advanced technique of the present day. Chopin preferred it to any other, whether made by Pleyel in Paris or Broadwood in London. Stodart took out the patent in 1777 for a combined harpsichord and piano-forte, in which the word "grand" is first encountered as applied to a piano-forte. The square piano was made by Johannes Zumpe, a German, the first probably about 1766; whereas the upright piano is again the invention of an Englishman, one Isaac Hawkins, who took out his patent in 1800. The shape was perpendicular, from three to four feet in height, descending to within a few inches of the floor. Prior to this there had been upright grands patented by John Landreth in 1787, but they were merely horizontal instruments turned up on end. Hawkins's patent included two important ideas, the use of coiled strings for the bass, and a *sostinente*, obtained by reiteration of hammers set in motion by a roller. Then followed Robert Wornum "the younger," who patented one diagonally strung in 1811, and in 1813 made a vertical one, which he called "harmonic," although he did not finally perfect his invention until 1828, his so-called "crank action" being used in France and Germany to this day.



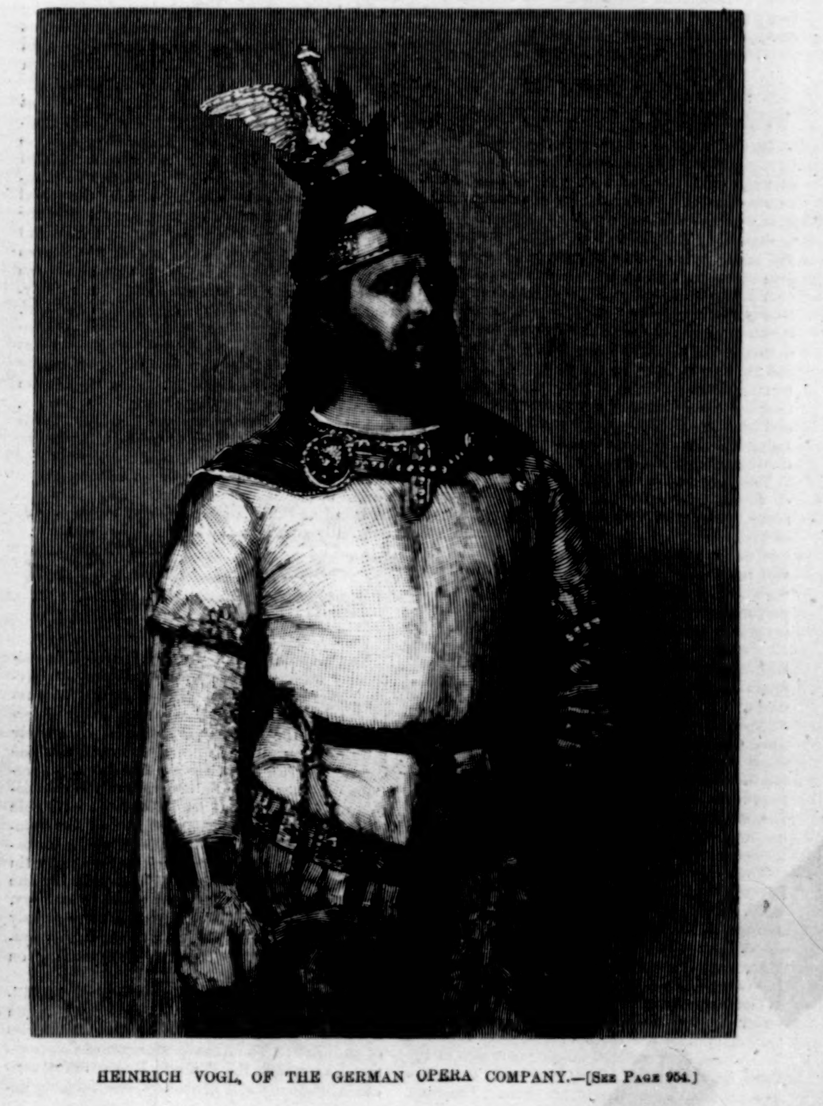
EUGENE FRANCIS CHARLES D'ALBERT, PIANIST.

The perfection of the grand piano, as far as its construction in wood permitted, brought forth a constellation of remarkable players, which included Clementi and Dussek, Cramer and Field, Hummel and Ries. Gradation of power was the great desideratum of the player, and the possibilities of this were intimately connected with the freedom of the wrist, which had previously been disallowed; also that, to give elasticity to the fingers, they should be raised in order to descend, and not be drawn inward, as was the case with the old Bach touch. This change of practice involved a blow by the hammer, which the indifferent Berlin wire of that time could not stand. Thicker wire produced greater strain on the framing, which the wooden cases were not strong enough to resist. The use also of two metals in the stringing, brass and iron, led to unequal changes in the tuning. To solve this, a young Scotch tuner named William Allen, employed at Stodart's, set himself. He soon succeeded in producing a complete and satisfactory upper framing of hollow tubes in combination with plates of iron and brass, bound together by stout wooden cross-bars, the whole intended to bear the pull of the strings, and to meet, by give and take, the variations in the length of the wires due to alteration of temperature. This patent was taken out January 15, 1820, the Stodarts acquiring the exclusive rights to its use. Not satisfied, the same William Allen patented in 1831 a cast-iron frame to combine string plate, tension bars, and wrest plank in one casting. This important invention, however, did not find the acceptance which it deserved. But Allen's proposal of one casting had been anticipated in the United States, where Alpheus Babcock, of Boston, patented, in 1825, a cast-iron frame for a square piano. Besides this, Conrad Meyer, of Philadelphia, has the merit of making an excellent square piano on the cast-iron frame formed of one piece in 1833. One of his original instruments was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and again in Paris in 1878. In 1837 Jonas Chickering, of Boston, improved the single casting, and since that time the various American manufacturers have progressed, until now they lead the world as piano-makers. The improved pedals were invented by a M. Montal, a blind Parisian piano-forte maker, who in 1862 exhibited in London a "pédale d'expression," diminishing the range of the hammers instead of shifting them, and a "pédale de prolongement," a third pedal, which is now in universal use. The repetition action is the invention of the French maker Sebastien Erard, although the patent was taken out in London in 1821, by his nephew Pierre Erard. The period of the piano-forte and its improvements extends from 1598 to the present day, nearly three centuries.

The piano possesses, too, the immense advantage of having of all musical instruments the largest library. Almost every composer has written for it more or less, and its literature is therefore unrivalled in richness and variety. For this reason the development of piano-forte playing has always exercised a strong hold upon the musical affections of the public. Among the first great exponents of the piano to visit the United States was Sigismond Thalberg, who came to us first in 1853, and again in 1857. Musical culture at that time was in its infancy, but Thalberg's wonderful playing, though it lacked fire, glow, and impetuosity, which would naturally arouse the less cultivated sense, created a *furor* which has never been matched since. Thalberg had wonderfully formed fingers, the foreparts of which were real little cushions. This formation and very persevering study enabled him to



THEODORE REICHMANN, OF THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY.—[See Page 954.]



HEINRICH VOGL, OF THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY.—[See Page 954.]

produce such wonderful *legatos* that Liszt said of him, "Thalberg is the only artist who can play the violin on the piano." Among all great piano players, it should be said of him, as Catalani said of Sontag, "His *genre* is not great, but he is great in his *genre*." It is but fair to say, however, that his compositions for the piano not only combined novel effects both in form and arrangement, but real invention, because he had the talent, through adroit use of the pedal and new combinations, to make you believe that you heard two performers at the same time, for no player ever better understood the possibilities of the piano-forte than Sigismond Thalberg. No one forgets the advent in this country of Anton Rubinstein, whose marvellous playing carried everything before it, as did Thalberg's nearly twenty years before.

By a general verdict, Rubinstein's prospective successor is Eugene Francis Charles D'Albert, born at Glasgow, Scotland, April 10, 1864. Eugene's father, Charles Louis Napoleon D'Albert, was born at Manstetten, near Altona, Hamburg, February 25, 1809. His father, an officer in the French army, died in 1816, whereon the widow and her young son, Charles Louis, emigrated to England. Madame D'Albert was an excellent musician, and her son's first musical education—in Mozart and Beethoven—was due to her. He then had lessons on the piano from Kalkbrenner, and in composition from Dr. Wesley, and afterward learnt dancing at the King's Theatre, London, and the Conservatoire, Paris. On his return to England he became ballet-master at the King's Theatre and at Covent Garden. He soon relinquished these posts, and devoted himself to teaching dancing and composing dance music, in which he was very successful. He ultimately settled at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and married there in 1863, but removed to London, and died there May 26, 1886.

His son Eugene early evinced a genius for music, and was carefully trained by his father. In 1876 he was elected Newcastle Scholar in the National Training School, London, where he learnt the piano from Mr. Pauer, and harmony and composition from Dr. Stainer, Mr. Prout, and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Here his progress in piano playing, counterpoint, and composition was rapid and brilliant, and he also occupied himself much in the study of languages. In 1881 he was elected Mendelssohn Scholar, which gave him a year abroad. An overture of his was performed at a students' concert at St. James's Hall on June 23, 1870. He played a piano-forte concerto of his own in A at the Richter concert, October 21, 1881; also Rubinstein's Concerto in D Minor, May 3, 1882. In November, 1881, at the instance of Richter, he went to Vienna, and very shortly afterward played the first movement of his own concerto at the Philhamonic concert there. He then became a pupil of Liszt's, who called him the "young Tausig," in allusion to his extraordinary technique. An overture of his styled "Hyperion" was played at a Richter concert June 8, 1885; and a Symphony in F (Op. 4) at the same, May 4, 1886. Both these compositions are full of nobility and beauty, and a great career is no doubt opening up before this young genius. D'Albert is that rare thing in a pianist, the combination of great technical development and a profound musical nature; thus all the possibilities of instrument and composition are brought out in his performance.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

THAT the season of opera in German which is to begin at the Metropolitan Opera-house on the evening of November 27th will be one of uncommon interest is placed beyond a doubt by the announcements of the capable director Edmund C. Stanton. That it will be well supported by the music-loving public is rendered unquestionable by the fact that the subscriptions amount to nearly $7000 more than those of last year. This attests the increasing popular affection for an institution which has consistently regarded the lyric drama not as a graceful pastime, but as a dignified and permanent art; and it is a proof that the metropolitan public is reaping the benefits of a temple wherein is found a wholesome, emotional, and intellectual discipline, whose influence in refining and purifying the atmosphere of our everyday culture is inestimably valuable.

The liberality of the director and stockholders of the house has caused a programme of wide scope and varied range to be prepared for the coming season. Wagner will be predominant, but not prevalent. Other excellent composers will be heard. The season is to begin with Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, which has not yet been performed at this house, and which has been unsung long enough to give it a fresh interest. On November 29th Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba* will be brought forward once more, and will doubtless again delight the public with its sensuous melodies and brilliant scenic attire. On the evening of December 4th Mozart's immortal master-work, *Don Giovanni*, which has not been heard here since Henry E. Abbey's company gave it in Italian in the first season of the opera-house, will be produced. On December 6th that ever-popular lyric display piece *Il Trovatore* will be sung, and on the following Monday evening Rossini's masterpiece, *William Tell*, will be presented.

Three new operas are announced, and it is not improbable that a fourth may be brought forward. The three named are Peter Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad*—an opera of which the late Abbé Liszt was an ardent advocate—Heinrich Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin*, and Edward Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys*. Cornelius in 1852 joined at Weimar the circle of artists who were striving, under Liszt's leadership, to impress upon the German public the truth of Wagner's theories. The young man wielded an eloquent pen in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and wrote his opera as a practical exposition of his ideas. The work was performed only once, but its strong hold on the esteem of thoughtful musicians is assurance that it is worthy of a hearing in New York. It is a comic opera, and being brief, will be followed on the same evening by the new Viennese ballet *Die Puppenfee*. The *Doll's Fairy* endows the puppets of a toy store with life, and there is developed a fine field for delicate comedy.

The book of Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin* was constructed by himself and Herr Wohlbrück on *Ivanhoe*. Its success is attributed to the buoyancy and melody of the music, to which this public will look forward with pleasant expectation. Though little known here, Marschner has been ranked next to Weber and Spohr as a dramatic composer of the romantic school. His orchestration is brilliant and elaborate. Edward Lalo is one of the contemporaneous French writers whose works have been received with delight by his countrymen. His opera *Le Roi d'Ys* has been uncommonly successful in Paris. Mr. Thomas has performed the overture in this city, and it proved to be a highly colored piece of composition.

In addition to these works several others are announced which are new to the Metropolitan Opera-house. These are Verdi's *Otello* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Bellini's *Norma*, in which Lilli Lehmann is said to shine in the title rôle. The production of Verdi's *Otello* will place in the repertory of the house one of the most admirable of recent works, in which a lofty attempt is made to superimpose the Italian perfection of vocal melody on the German basis of dramatic verity. The entire list of Wagner's creations, except *Parsifal*, is announced, and it is the intention of the director to perform them at the latter part of the season, as nearly as possible in their chronological order.

The singers engaged for the winter are the following: Sopranos—Lilli Lehmann; Betty Frank, a lyric soprano from Prague; Sophie Weisner, a dramatic singer from Cologne; Sophie Traubmann, and Felicia Koschoska. Contraltos—Emmy Sontag-Uhl, from Breslau; Louise Meisslinger; Charlotte Huhn, a young singer who has been successful in Gluck's *Orpheus*; and Emily Miron. Tenors—Heinrich Vogl, the original Loge, the finest Tristan, and one of the shining lights of Bayreuth; Julius Perotti; Paul Kalisch; Albert Mittelhauser; and Wilhelm Sedlmayer. Barytones—Theodore Reichmann, one of the greatest of German singers; Joseph Beck; and Jean Doré. Bassos—Emil Fischer; Conrad Behrens, of Rotterdam; and Edward Schlömann, a promising young man. Anton Seidl will continue to be the conductor, and Walter Damrosch the assistant. There is also to be a new dancer, Margaretha Urbauska, of the Berlin Imperial Opera.

The interest of the public will undoubtedly be aroused by the advent of the two celebrated artists Heinrich Vogl and Theodore Reichmann. Herr Vogl was born January 15, 1845, at Au, near Munich, and was taught singing by Franz Lachner. He made his début on November 5, 1865, at the Royal Theatre, Munich, as Max in *Der Freischütz*. His success was so great that he was immediately engaged permanently. He first appeared as Loge, in the production of *Rheingold*, in Munich in 1869, and as Siegmund, in *Die Walküre*, in 1870. In 1876 he was the Loge in the production of the trilogy at Bayreuth. In 1882 he achieved great success in England as Loge and Siegfried. At the Bayreuth festival last summer he sang Tristan nobly.

Theodore Reichmann was born in 1850 at Rostock, and made his début at the Berlin Residenz Theatre in 1868, as the Prince Regent in the *Nachtlager von Granada*. After a successful season he sang in Cologne, Rotterdam, and Hamburg. After that he was engaged for the Royal Theatre, Munich, where he sang successfully for ten years. There Wagner discovered him, and under the master's guidance he studied the hero of the *Flying Dutchman*, Telramund, and Hans Sachs. Wagner afterward called him to Bayreuth to create the rôle of Amfortas in *Parsifal*, in which he achieved great success. He was engaged for ten years at the Imperial Opera at Vienna, where honors were heaped upon him by the public and by the Emperor. Herr Reichmann has sung at all the leading theatres of Germany, and also in St. Petersburg and London. He is regarded as the first of living German barytones. It is probable that *Hamlet* will be produced during the season, to give him an opportunity to appear in one of his greatest parts. He will also be heard as Hans Sachs, a rôle in which he was eminently successful at Bayreuth last summer.

W. J. HENDERSON.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE material extent which Harvard University may attain is somewhat bewilderingly foreshadowed by sundry recent additions. This remarkable later growth has been greatly accelerated since the college yard became completely grown over with architectural forms, so that the corporation saw the necessity of beginning operations on outer soil. Subsequent to the completion of Memorial Hall on its exclusive triangle in 1876, at a cost of $500,000, and of the Hemenway Gymnasium in 1878, the new edifices began springing up by twos and by threes, Austin Hall, the fine law school building, widening the group, with the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, both erected in 1883, leading this more swiftly developing recent series. At present this system, omitting minor features, is expanding on greatly enlarged lines.

An important approach is made toward fulfilling the original plan of the University Museum by the erection of an extensive and two-fold series of additions. The Agassiz Museum of Comparative Zoology and the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, now forming detached wings, but both "creeping on from point to point," are lessening the distance between them, until the ultimate form in which the whole will be united is easily conceivable. A large recent addition to the Peabody Museum is completed and in use, and of two new sections extending hence the larger wing, one shows a finished exterior, and the other will be under a roof before the midwinter. This is planned to contain the departments of geography and petrography, and in part that of geology. To its accommodation will be transferred from Boylston Hall one of the largest and finest collections of meteorites in the world. The more advanced division, which finally will form the centre of the Oxford Street front, is arranged with a large lecture-room, as well as with laboratories and a museum for the botanical department. One of the rooms will contain a synoptic exhibition of analytical models of the genera of American plants.

With pressing urgency for completion, the great new dormitory building, known as the Walter Hastings Hall, will soon be enlivened by the presence of the fortunate Juniors, to whose use it has been largely assigned. This is the most complete structure of its class belonging to the University, being erected at a cost of $250,000, on a plan arranged with extraordinary care. It is named in honor of the donor, as well as of three of his paternal line in succession, the name of Walter Hastings, printed in the Quinquennial Catalogue in 1799, 1771, and 1730, having designated in turn his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. The building is somewhat of the English university type, thus presenting a marked dissimilarity to other Harvard structures. Its front of two hundred feet is on North Avenue, with Holmes Field in view from the opposite side. With the projection of a wing on the front, at the west end, the building forms two sides of a wide quadrangle, which will be laid out with a graded lawn, enclosed by a wrought iron fence with corner gateways. On this side the lines of the building are broken by a succession of gables and of shallow bays, determining a pleasing interior. The construction is in Perth Amboy bricks, with terra-cotta of the same color. The inner arrangement is in the form of five complete houses, with separate stairways. This dormitory provides altogether sixty suites of rooms, the studies in all cases facing toward the south or west. These rooms, containing large bay-windows and fireplaces with the best forms of ventilating grates, are finished in oak, with the bedrooms in ash. The building is fire-proof, with stairways throughout in iron, and the hallways being finished in faced brick with floors in Italian mosaic. All the arrangements, for service and otherwise, are as perfect as possible.

A new building planned for athletic uses, of which the foundations are begun in the Holmes Field section, is expected to provide richly for university sports and games. This issues with a gift from Mr. Henry Reginald Astor Carey of $25,000, the old Hasty Pudding Club house having been moved back to give the desired site. The new structure will be 108 feet long, with wings extending back 82 feet. It will be in brick, with brown-stone trimmings and slate roof. One wing will contain a base-ball room, and in the opposite wing will be a rowing tank for the crew. The two fives courts will be in the middle section, with bath and dressing rooms. A large club-room on the second floor will open out through three clustered dormer-windows upon a great balcony, overlooking the whole field.

A beginning is made on a new boat-house, presented to the University by Mr. A. W. Weld, the site being selected at the head of the Boylston Street bridge. To keep the river-front clear, a considerable strip of land has been purchased by the college. The first story of the building will be for storing boats, the second floor being planned to contain a large hall, with connecting balcony overlooking the water.

No less activity than in other building movements in Cambridge has been directed to the erection and improvement of churches. The new St. James's Episcopal Church, on North Avenue, built in Brighton stone, from plans by a New York architect, is just opened. The Charles River Baptist Church, in Roman character, is another new edifice in good form. The First Universalist Church, moved and largely reconstructed, is planned to contain exclusively memorial windows, which will be added at intervals. With the rebuilding of the old Cambridge Baptist Church, partially destroyed by fire, the interior arrangement, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Blackall, president of the Boston Architectural Club, has been entirely and in a successful manner transformed.

The architectural character of the old town, where nothing is lost of former suburban charm, is distinctly improved by the erection of many fine private residences. A fire-proof house which is being built, at a cost of $125,000, at Arsenal Square, and others along Brattle Street and in proximity to that historic highway, including the newly improved Hubbard Park section, notably represent this advance. A residence for girls attending the Cambridge School, built by Mr. Arthur Gilman, and receiving the name of "Margaret Winthrop Hall," is completed in fine simple order. On the recently opened Norton estate, retaining almost intact its beautiful growth of forest trees, are the new homes built for several college professors, of which the owners are about taking possession. One of the additional residences erected here is for a Boston lawyer, and another is built for a clergyman. These houses form a pleasing Old Colonial series, with distinctive individual variations. One planned for Professor James, with certain dominating ideas of his own, is shingled, and left unpainted. This is a four-story house with wide gambrel-roof, containing abundant room, its owner being provided with a large study suite on the first floor. The newly arisen group among the pines and other native trees includes a gabled house, painted red, with wide piazza and second-story balcony, which Professor Royce already occupies. The arrangement of his library, finished in cypress, has been his special care. The residence of Professor F. W. Taussig on this estate, with hip-roof and balustraded summit, the whole being in yellow with white trimmings, is finished throughout the interior in white. A house for Professor Alpheus Hyatt is nearly completed in the same neighborhood, near which is the Divinity Library, of recent erection. The homes of Professor Charles Eliot Norton and of Miss Grace Norton on this Shady Hill estate bear the contrasting sober impression of years.

Of edifices belonging to the city the new Public Library is in greatest esteem as a building as well as in its function. This recently opened institution, situated in spacious grounds, forms a fine landmark on Broadway at Irving Street. It is in Dedham stone, with brown-stone trimmings, the construction being wholly fire-proof. The entrance is by a broad, rounded flight of low stone steps at the corner, through a massively pillared porch. A memorial room, which, as well as the main library, is reached directly from the entrance hall, contains war relics and other historical treasures. A rear wing is arranged as a book-room, and another wing provides a reading-room. The connection of the principal wings is marked in the exterior by a tower. This beautiful library is a gift to the city from Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, now a resident of Los Angeles, California, and whose liberality is again witnessed a few yards away across the cultivated lawn, where the new Rindge Manual-training School is in successful operation. The building, which the artist has shown in the accompanying picture in a fine atmosphere of sunlight and poetry, is well arranged and perfectly equipped with machinery. A new class beginning its courses the present season consists of ten Harvard students. About equally distant from the library on the opposite side the foundations have been made for the new English High-school, for which Mr. Rindge has donated the site, the building, costing $200,000, being erected by the city. The magnificent series of gifts coming from the same benefactor includes the new City Hall, of which the exterior is nearly completed. This conspicuous structure, with a great square tower, is built on a terrace fronting Main Street. The estimated cost is $200,000, the construction being in Milford granite, with trimmings of Long Meadow brown-stone.

DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET.

THE departure of the Squadron of Evolution for Europe on the 18th instant, under the command of Commodore and Acting Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, ranks as one of the most important events in the history of our navy. Realizing the importance of the occasion, Secretary of the Navy Tracy desired the departure to be something of a celebration, and accordingly he issued invitations to the two ex-Secretaries of the Navy and to various officials to accompany him down the bay on the *Dolphin*, which has taken the place of the *Despatch* as the special yacht of the President and the Secretary of the Navy. Soon after eleven o'clock the fleet started up-stream from their anchorage, the *Chicago* leading, followed by the *Atlanta*, the *Boston*, and the *Yorktown*, in the order named. Off the Weehawken Ferry they were reviewed in line of squadron by the party on board the *Dolphin*, and as soon as the *Chicago* came up to the reviewing line, the guns of the receiving-ship *Minnesota*, at the foot of Twenty-third Street, belched out a salute, and her young tars lined her rigging as the squadron passed. As the *Chicago* passed Governor's Island the guns of Castle William thundered a salute of thirteen guns for the Secretary of the Navy, and the roar of the heavy cannon had hardly died away before the sharp, crashing intonation of the *Dolphin's* guns answered the salute. Similar salutes were fired from Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton, the *Dolphin* again responding. Past Swinburne Island the fleet fell out of their regular line, the *Dolphin* stopped, and there was another salute from all the ships, which Secretary Tracy acknowledged by repeatedly lifting his cap as he stood on the after-bridge of the *Dolphin*. All the way down the river and bay ferry-boats, tugs, and steamers paid homage to the departing cruisers. The view from the bridge of the *Dolphin* was an impressive one. The scene itself was beautiful, but the majority of the hundred spectators on the *Dolphin*, at least, were most stirred by the business-like character of the display—the evidences of discipline on board the ships, even in this hasty view, the orderliness, trimness, and thoroughly man-of-warsman-like style of ships and crew. Free of all unnecessary ornamentation, the ships were painted entirely white, except the yellow funnels and masts. A small gilded flourish on their sharp prows was almost the only relief to the broad clear surface of white rounded decks, roofs, and turrets, from which the long muzzles of sharp-shooting guns projected. From this clear spread of white the marines, drawn up on the forward and after decks of each ship, with their muskets at present arms, stood out in vivid relief.

During the review Secretary Tracy and ex-Secretary Whitney walked the deck of the *Dolphin* together in close conversation, and as the beautiful firstlings of the reconstructed navy went by, they both waved their hats to the departing officers in a very fervid way. After the last ship, the *Yorktown*, was well past, the *Dolphin* fired a gun, and raised the signal "Good-by; a pleasant voyage," and the *Chicago* responded "Good-by; thank you." The fleet then spread out and faced toward the ocean to begin its long cruise; but, owing to the heavy weather outside, the four ships dropped anchor just inside of Sandy Hook about 3 P.M. Here they were compelled to stay, somewhat ingloriously, until the following day, when they sailed for Boston, which they have since reached. After staying at Boston for a week, the squadron goes first to Lisbon, and thence to the leading Mediterranean ports. In the spring it will probably sail for Brest, and, after touching at the chief French, German, and British ports, return home, it is expected within a year.

GATHERING GREENERY.

Contributions for decorations to be used for Christmas come to our large cities from all parts of the United States. There is the mistletoe, that parasitic plant whose range extends from New Jersey due west to Illinois, and, abounding in the Southern States, reaches its geographical limit in Texas. We are not, then, beholden to England for her *Viscum album*, for our own *pharadendron* takes its place. The utmost scope is then possible for all those time-honored customs which take place beneath "the mistletoe bough." Think how much of a bough there is about mistletoe! Surely this poetic license is difficult to appreciate, unless the branch of the tree on which the parasite lives is carried away with the greenery. Then we have our own holly. *Ilex opaca*, with its green leaves with the prickles, its pretty berries, has a great range. You can find holly on the Canada border, all through New England, and pluck your holly branches even farther south than Virginia. About the holly there is a tenacity of life which the mistletoe does not possess. Cut the parasite from its source of growth, and it soon wilts.

Innumerable are the sources from whence our decorative greenery is derived. Many grasses which retain their natural colors are used, and to tress and weave these into garlands is a large industry, which, beginning about the middle of October in some parts of the United States, continues up to the middle of December. The shipping of this material to New York is sometimes, however, a precarious business. There have been seasons when for the more delicate kinds of leaves the warm weather instead of cold has acted as a destructive power, and the losses to shippers have been heavy. The use, however, of cooling warehouses for the storage of such delicate merchandise has removed some of the risks.

That peculiar moss which grows on the trees in the South furnishes a certain proportion of the decorations for Christmas. It has great durability; indeed, is almost imperishable. Used with discretion, this moss produces excellent effects, but its appearance is not exactly prepossessing. Gray is hardly an appropriate color for an expression of festivity.

Miss Barber's sketch shows a group of colored people making their Christmas harvesting, and the locality is northern Virginia, where, as appropriate to the Christmas season, there has come a good snowfall. The party is at work ostensibly for business only, but that does not prevent a good deal of fun. There is about the girl's face the happiest of expressions. Her burden is light. The heavier loads have been placed on the sledge that follows. The wind may be whistling through the woods, and her ears tingle, but she does not mind that. Alongside of her comes the man with the mistletoe; and to collect that is a man's work, because mistletoe is something not obtainable without considerable climbing. In the background are the old people, with their baskets full of the arboreal ornamentations. Some of the greenery the party will keep for themselves, and they will decorate first their own church, and then their own humble homes.

It is one of the happy characteristics of the colored race that they carry into their work an endless amount of good-humor. Such Christmas greenery parties are looked forward to with pleasure, and as the materials abound, the labor of collecting is not great.

THE SAIL-MAKER.

Mr. Edgar M. Ward's picture now on exhibition at the Academy in New York represents a sail-maker at his work. There are many mysteries of sail-making, such as seaming, goring, tabling, roping, marling. To cut and handle a material which will weigh over a pound to the yard requires no small amount of address. For nicety of adjustment, the best skill of the sail-maker may be called forth in fitting the canvas for a yacht. It is true that steam has taken the place of wind, and so pictures of frigates under full sail, with their great spread of canvas, may be things of the past, but for many a long day to come we shall want great mainsails for our schooners. The sail-loft, with its extended area, where the wings of the merchant-ship were once folded, may belong to by-gone times, but there is no small seaport in the country without its little sail-loft. Generally one will find a half-dozen men at work in some spacious room of a building overlooking the water. If there are not new suits of sails to be made, there are always repairs in order. Smart masters of fishing smacks are ever nice about repairs, and though they may do a little patching themselves, when new breadths of canvas have to be introduced they generally confide the work to the professional sail-maker.

Mr. Ward's sail-maker is ripping up an old seam. On his bench are bobbins, with the peculiar strong thread used, and near by that hand thimble where the head of the needle receives its purchase from the palm of the sewer's hand. On the floor are the bits of old cloth that have been cut out. The water bottle, a waif from some foreign clime, hangs near the worker. He is a smoker, and an orderly one, for his pipes are stowed away in a corner. He bears a typical New England head, and there are elements in the construction of that brain which would fit it for other employments than the sewing of jibs or studding-sails for vessels. The sail-maker's craft, though a sedentary one in part, does not cramp the intellect, for there is much heavy work to do, and into the making of a well-fitting sail there enters much close and accurate calculation.

Mr. Ward is conservative as a colorist, and in this work of his the effects are happily blended. The drawing is careful to a degree, and the hands especially well modelled; for, after the head, it is the man's fingers as he holds the canvas which must have directed toward them the attention of the observer.

A study of this kind must be realistic. Nothing in it can be taken from the imagination. It is true art which, seizing on the appropriateness of a subject, and filling in its surroundings, knows how to idealize them; and in this, the poetizing of an object, the artist himself shows his individuality. Mr. Ward's picture is a capital one, because though quiet in tone and composition, it is nevertheless impressive. It is a New England sail-maker and nothing else; and if the captain of a smack now in Fulton Market dock were to look at Mr. Ward's picture, he would say: "Know him? In course I do. He fitted us out with a new suit of sails this very spring; and a good job it was; and when the time comes round that we'll be fittin' up again, I'm goin' back to him"; and that is the best encomium any one can pass on a picture.

THE HEBREW THEATRE.

It will probably surprise most readers to know that New York city is the Jewish metropolis of the globe. Inspector Williams, who probably knows the municipality better than any other man, estimates the Hebraic population to-day at 200,000 souls. The vast majority of these reside on the east side, between the Bowery and the East River. So intensely Israelitic has that district become that it is variously known by the gamins as the "New Jerusalem," "Goose Town," and "Little Jewry." No better place for studying these new-comers can be found than in their theatre on the Bowery. The building is like its neighbors on that famous thoroughfare, being cheap, unpretentious, and rather gloomy in appearance. A small but clean lobby opens into the auditorium, which is about seventy feet wide by nearly two hundred in depth. The furnishing is inexpensive and moderately uncomfortable, consisting of common chairs in the parquette, and of pine benches in the orchestra circle. On either side of the stage is a large box, homely and plain to a fault, and decorated in the simplest style. The stage is small, but exceedingly well equipped. During the day it is the head-quarters of Hebrew actors, journalists, and men about town. Nearly all come from southeastern Europe, and speak a mongrel tongue, known in Europe as jargon, which appears to be a chaotic mixture of Teutonic, Sclavonic, and Hebraic elements, and which is but partly intelligible to the average German. At nightfall the usual gallery crowd accumulates at the doorway, waiting for the gates to be opened. Some amuse themselves reading the Hebrew daily paper, others with a curious literature, which is broken English printed in Hebrew text, while still others pass the time in noisy discussions upon business or religious topics. The moment the doors are open the crowd surges in, and long before the curtain goes up the house is packed to suffocation. It is a very orderly and good-natured crowd, but one that is remarkably strange in appearance to an Anglo-Saxon. Black-bearded men from the Crimea, swarthy individuals from Roumania, who are darker than any mulatto, yellow-haired Belts from the Baltic provinces, and red-haired Polaks from Silesia, are the more prominent types of the audience. The German Jew, with whose face we are all familiar, is hardly ever seen in this house of amusement. In fact, there seems to be an antagonism between the German and Russian Hebrew, just as between the north and south of Ireland. Nearly all present are well dressed, the audience contrasting favorably in this regard with those of the fashionable uptown theatres. A noticeable trait is the profusion of jewelry; almost every man and woman is bedecked with gold and gems, often to a grotesque degree. The habit is a consequence of the injustice and cruelty practised for generations by the authorities of southeastern Europe toward their unfortunate Jewish citizens.. The possession of wealth in those countries has always been a signal for oppression and extortion. Unable to safely invest his wealth in land, personal property, or even securities, the thrifty Jew in that part of the world has converted it into jewels, and has become the greatest expert known in treasures of that class. When they come to this country the habit follows them, and not until ten or fifteen years have elapsed do they feel a sense of security in American laws and institutions, and invest their wealth in the same manner as other successful business men. On nights when some favorite drama is rendered the display of jewelry is simply appalling. Women who by day dress in calico now appear covered with rings, bangles, bracelets, necklaces, and watch chains. Fifty women can be picked out who wear not less than $5000 worth apiece of these costly wares. The jewelry is marked by value rather than by beauty. Watch chains that weigh a pound, clumsy solitaires of ten carats and upward, a dozen finger-rings whose smallest stone is a huge emerald or sapphire, and which cover the hand almost as thoroughly as a glove of mail, bracelets studded with gems an inch to two inches in width, are a few of the more striking objects of ornamentation.

The curtain rises, and discloses some popular piece. At the very start the theatre-goer ignorant of the language sees a profound difference between the Hebrew drama and that of our own race. In its conventionalisms, constant use of the chorus, and the incessant interjection of music, it discloses at times a startling similarity to the ancient Greek tragedies. The similarity is further borne out by the subjects employed, nearly every one of the successful dramas produced at the Oriental Theatre being based upon some chapter in the early history of the chosen people. *Judas Maccabeus*, *Joseph and his Brethren*, *King Solomon*, are three excellent illustrations. Outside of the conventionalism, the acting is forceful and good. With the Russian Jew the dramatic profession is practically a matter of heredity, as it is with the Chinese. Most of the professionals go upon the stage in their infancy, under the tuition of their parents or relatives, and when mere children are as thoroughly trained in the business of the boards as our best actors of mature age. The dressing and scenery are always artistic, and usually very accurate to historic truth. The arms, armor, and ornaments used in their historical dramas are more faithful copies than any used in American theatres, excepting by Irving, Palmer, and Daly. The singing and instrumental music are remarkably good. The Hebrews have been a musical race from time immemorial, and it would seem that in those lands where they have been subjected to harsh injustice and gross outrage the musical instinct or genius has found its highest development. In character their music would please Wagner, sacrificing the soloist to the chorus. The chorus is brought in at almost every point where there is a crisis, a display of intense emotion, or a dramatic situation. In one play, where a ghost appears first upon one side of the stage and then upon the other, very much as in *Macbeth*, the consternation of the populace is expressed or illustrated by the weirdest songs that can be conceived.

Personally the artists take great pride in their profession; to them it is a guild, in whose support they are as zealous as the most active member of any New York trades-union. They are nearly all well educated and well bred. Few of them speak less than four languages, and all receive salaries large enough to enable them to live in good style, and to travel from place to place, wherever there are large Hebrew communities.

FALSTAFF.

On another page of this paper will be found an animated representation—from the ingenious and felicitous pencil of Mr. Abbey—of Falstaff's escape in a buck-basket from the house and the clutches of the jealous and furious Ford, as set forth by Shakespeare in his frolicsome comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Each of the figures is characteristic, and the action of the suspicious and angry husband, restrained by his mischievous wife, is exceedingly spirited; while the sagging of the great clothes-basket which contains the fat knight, covered and almost smothered by soiled raiment, still further enlivens the picture with its deft touch of suggested humor. Well might Falstaff exclaim, when looking back upon this and other humiliating experiences of his baffled amatory enterprise, "See now, how wit may be made a Jackalent when 'tis upon ill employment!"

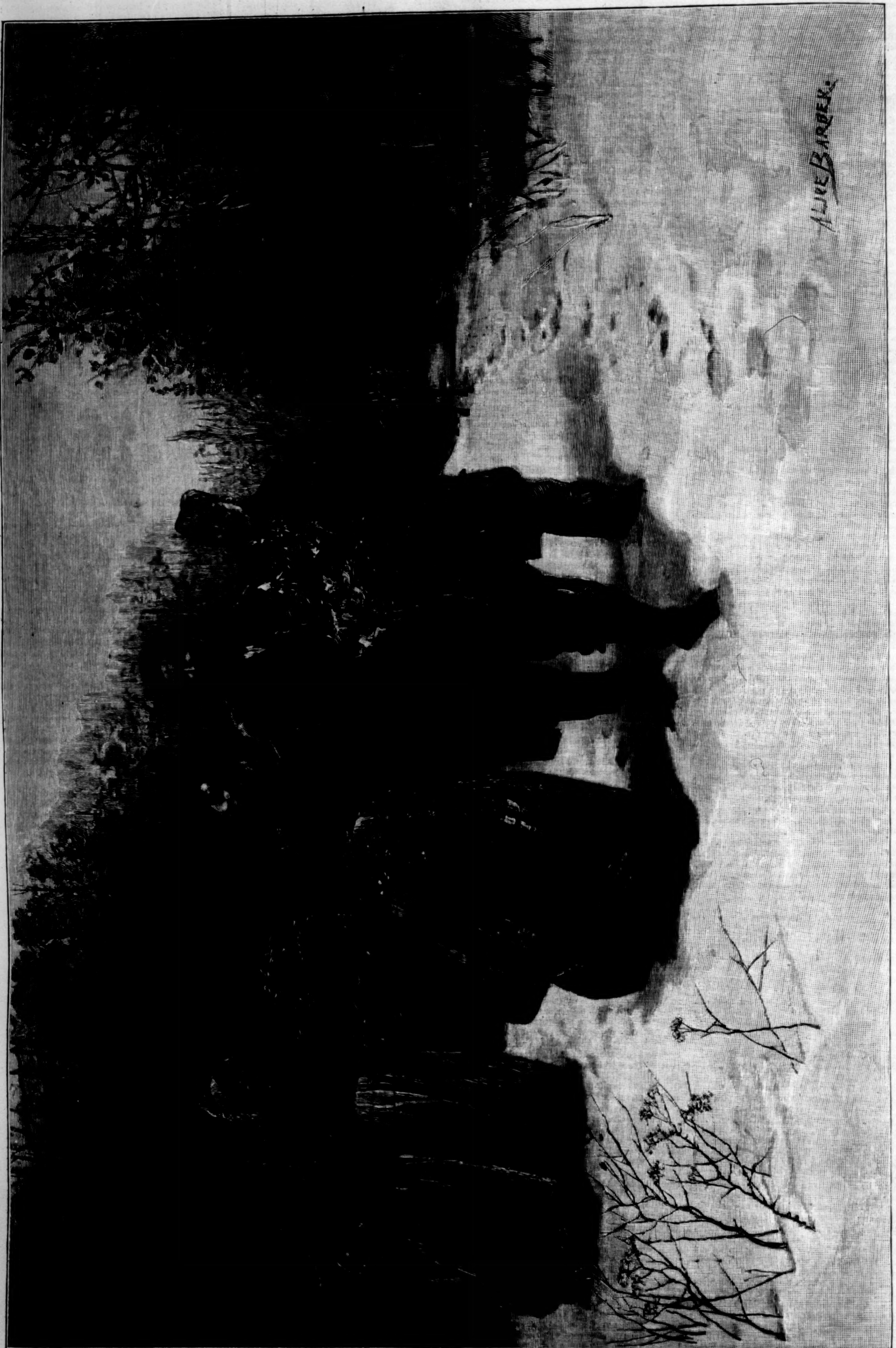
The friends of Falstaff do not like to think of him in this deplorable predicament. The Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* is a man to laugh at; but he is not a man to inspire the comrade feeling, and still less is he a man to impress the intellect with the sense of a stalwart character, and of prodigious, and indeed illimitable, jocund humor. Falstaff's friends—whose hearts are full of kindness for the old reprobate—have sat with him "in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire," and "have heard the chimes at midnight" in his society, and they know what a jovial companion he is—how abundant in knowledge of the world; how radiant with animal spirits; how completely inexhaustible in cheerfulness; how copious in comic invective; how incessantly nimble and ludicrous in wit and in waggery; how strange a compound of mind and sensuality, shrewdness and folly, fidelity and roguery, brazen mendacity and comic selfishness! They do not like to think of him as merely a fat old fool, bamboozled by a pair of sprightly, not over-delicate women, far inferior to him in mental calibre, and made a laughing-stock for Fenton and sweet Anne Page, and the lads and lassies of Windsor, and the chattering Welsh parson. "Have I lived," cried Falstaff, in the moment of his discomfiture, "to stand at the taunts of one that makes fritters of English?" He is a hard case, an inveterate sinner, as worthless as any man well could be, in the eyes of decorum and respectability; but those who know him well grow to be very fond of him, even if they feel that they ought to be ashamed of it, and they do not quite forgive the poet for making him contemptible.

There was no need of doing so, either, unless it be true that Queen Elizabeth commanded Shakespeare to show "Falstaff in love"; and, indeed, the best reason there is for accepting that exceedingly dubious tradition (which rests solely on the word of John Dennis, of *The Dunciad*) is the fact that in portraying the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* Shakespeare has distinctly degraded his great creation of the Falstaff of *King Henry IV.*—the greatest humorous creation in literature. You can find many other figures that will make you laugh, but you can find no other figure that makes you laugh with such good reason. It seems incredible that Shakespeare, with his all-embracing mind and his perfect instinct of art, could deliberately have chosen to lessen his own masterpiece of humor. For Shakespeare rejoiced in Falstaff, even while he respected and recorded the inexorable justice of the moral law that decrees and eventually accomplishes his destruction. There is no one of his characters whose history he has traced with such minute elaboration. The conception is singularly ample. You may see Falstaff, as Shallow saw him, when he was a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; you may see him all along the current of his mature years; his highway robberies on Gadshill; his bragging narrative to Prince Henry; his frolicsome, paternal, self-defensive lecture to the Prince; his serio-comic association with the ragamuffin recruits at Coventry; his adroit escape from the sword of Hotspur; his mendacious self-glorification over the body of Harry Percy; his mishaps as a suitor to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; his wonderfully humorous interviews with the Chief-Justice and with Prince John of Lancaster; his junketings with Justice Shallow in Gloucestershire, and his rebuff and consternation at his first and last meeting with King Henry V.; and, finally, you may see him, as Mrs. Quickly saw him, on his death-bed, when "'a cried out God! God! God! three or four times," and when "his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled o' green fields."

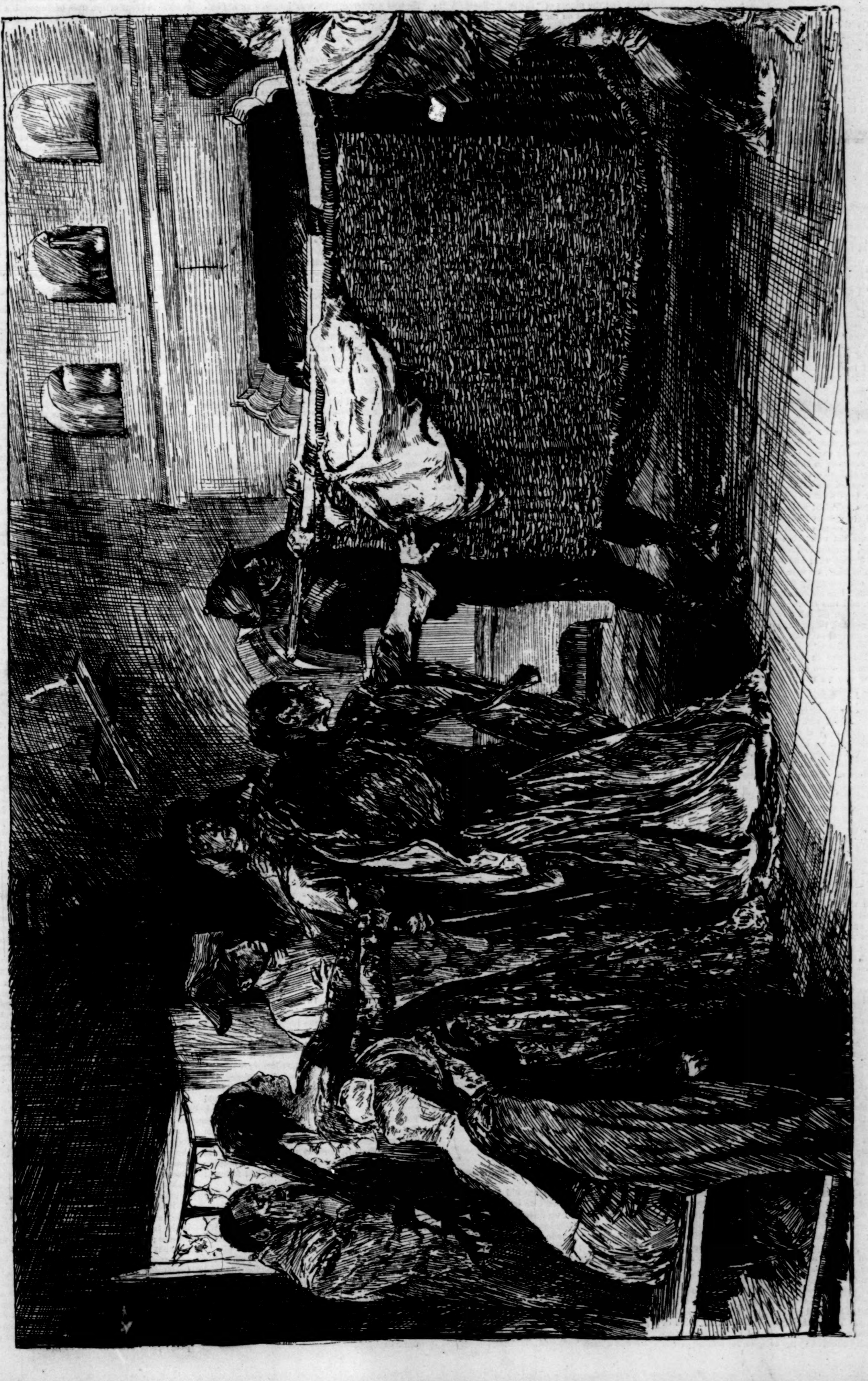
A good and faithful study of *King Henry IV.*, and especially of the second part of that play, is essential for a right appreciation of Falstaff. Those scenes with the Chief-Justice are unmatched in literature. The knight stands royally forth in them, clothed with his entire panoply of agile intellect, robust humor, and boundless comic effrontery. But the arrogant and expeditious Falstaff of *The Merry Wives*—so richly freighted with rubicund sensuality, so abundant in comic loquacity, and so ludicrous in his sorry plights—is a much less complex person, and therefore he stands more level than the real Falstaff does with the average comprehension of mankind. The American stage, accordingly, by which more than by the printed book he has become known to the people, has usually given its preference to the Falstaff of the comedy. *The Merry Wives* was first acted in New York on October 5, 1788, at the John Street Theatre, with Harper as Falstaff. On April 1, 1807, it was produced at the famous old Park, and the Falstaff then was John E. Harwood. The same stage offered it again on January 15, 1829, with Hilson as Falstaff. A little later, about 1832, James H. Hackett took up the character of Falstaff, and from that time onward performances of *The Merry Wives* occurred more frequently in different cities of America. Nor was the historical play neglected. On August 7, 1848, a remarkably fine production of the comedy was accomplished at the Astor Place Opera-house, New York, with Hackett as Falstaff, who never in his time was equalled in this character, and has not been equalled since. Another Falstaff, however, and a remarkably good one, appeared at Burton's Theatre on August 24, 1850, in the person of Charles Barr. On March 14, 1853, the *Merry Wives* was again given at Burton's Theatre, and Burton himself played Falstaff, with overwhelming humor; but Burton never acted the part as it exists in *Henry IV.* Hackett, who used both the history (Part I.) and the comedy, continued to act Falstaff almost till the end of his days, and Hackett did not die till 1871. A distinguished representative of Falstaff in the early days of the American theatre—the days of the renowned Chestnut in Philadelphia—was William Warren (1767–1832), who came over from England in 1796. In recent years the part has been acted by Benedict De Bar and by John Jack. The latest Falstaff in this country is that embodied by Charles Fisher, who first assumed the character on November 19, 1872, at Daly's Theatre, and whose performance was picturesque, humorous, and delightful.

On the English stage the historical play of *Henry IV.* was exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's time. The first Falstaff, according to Malone, whom everybody has followed as to this point, was John Heminge (1555–1630). After him came John Lowin (1572–1654), who is thought to have acted the part in the presence of Charles I. His successor seems to have been Lacy, who died in 1681. Next came Cartwright, and in 1699 or 1700 the great Betterton (1635–1710) assumed the fat knight, acting him in both parts of the history and in the comedy. Genest records twenty-two revivals of the first part of *Henry IV.* upon the London stage, at five different theatres, between 1667 and 1826; fifteen revivals of the second part between 1720 and 1821; and sixteen revivals of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* between 1667 and 1811. Many English actors have played Falstaff since Betterton's time, an incomplete though sufficiently ample list of them comprising Estcourt, 1704; F. Bullock, 1713; J. Evans and J. Hall, 1715; Mills, 1716; Quin's "dignity and declamation," 1738; Berry, 1747; Love (whose real name was James Dance), 1762; Shuter, 1774; John Henderson, one of the greatest actors that ever lived, 1774; Mrs. Webb (once only), 1776; Ryder, 1786; Palmer, 1788; King, 1792; Fawcett, 1795; Stephen Kemble, who was so fat that he could play it without stuffing or bladder, 1802; Blinett, 1803; George Frederick Cooke, 1804; Bartley, 1812; Charles Kemble, 1824; Dowton, 1824; Elliston, 1826; and Samuel Phelps, 1846. The latest conspicuous representative of Falstaff in England is Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, who, although a man of slender figure, contrives to simulate corpulence, and who manifests in his performance a fine instinct as to the meaning of the character, and remarkable resources of art in its expression, although the predominant individuality and the copious luxuriance of Falstaff's rosy and juicy humor are not within his reach. Upon the American stage the part is practically disused; and this is a pity, seeing that a source of great enjoyment, and one of the most suggestive and fruitful topics that exist in association with the study of human nature, are thus in a great degree sequestered from the public mind. Still it is better to have no Falstaff on the stage than to have it encumbered with a bad one; and certainly for the peculiar and exacting play of *Henry IV.* there are now no actors left; at least they are not visible in America.

William Winter.



GATHERING CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.—Drawn by Alice Barber.—[See Page 955.]



Mrs. Ford. "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU TO DO WHITHER THEY BEAR IT?"—"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," ACT III., SCENE III.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 955.]

THE SALDAGNIA GHOSTS.

BY GEORGE W. HOSMER.

I.

On the top of South Mountain, as we drove the gray fellows from pillar to post, the stone walls there making exceedingly tough defences, we came to one very bad place in the line. There was a little old stone farm-house inside the angle formed by two stone walls, the house being on our side of the fence. Gray infantry fired at us over both lines of wall; but our fellows to the right and left soon got an enfilading fire along the other side of both walls, and the infantry there skipped, but the fellows in the house held on. We could see that they would be supported in order to stop our headway, for we were close upon the heels of a retreating division. There were evidently as many fellows in the house as it was convenient to have there; and our artillery was not handy. Some of our fellows got axes and battered the door down, but fell in front of it. And then there was a critical moment. Inside was a cool and resolute crowd of tough old rebs, every man with his gun pointed at the doorway and his finger on the trigger, all resolved that the first-comers should pay for the house.

"Who'll draw that fire?" said the captain.

"I will," said Talbot, of our right company—a bright stripling of a fellow, slight, handsome, and very daring.

"Bayonets, boys!" said the captain; and the fellows inside the house could hear the jingle of the steel as we fixed bayonets as plainly as we could ourselves, and understood what was up, and made ready for it. "Now, then, Talbot," said the captain; and Talbot dashed forward at a run, and up the two little steps into the doorway. But on the second step he put his foot into a pool of blood that had come from one of the men killed there, and slipped, so that his figure was for one brief instant upright in the doorway, and he fell with his face to the floor. But every trigger inside was pulled at the instant he was seen in the aperture, and because he fell they all fired over him. As the sound of the volley ceased, the captain shouted "Forward!" and our boys went in with a rush, and we had the house. Talbot had not a scratch, but this fact did not detract from his glory, for he had gone as if to certain death. From this incident, and others not unlike it that occurred from time to time, we came to know what sort of a fellow little Talbot was; and when there was any tough job in hand, we were very apt to imagine Talbot as one especially fitted to do it. There grew around him an atmosphere of this sort of opinion, and this atmosphere went with him in his promotion all the way up to the division staff. It seemed, therefore, a very natural thing when the general said one night, "Send Talbot to find those fellows."

This was in May, 1863. We had retreated from the south side of the Rappahannock River. Just why we had retreated, nobody knew then, and probably nobody knows now. We had the First, Second, Third, Sixth, and Twelfth corps all in good fighting trim. Stonewall Jackson's corps had collided with our Eleventh Corps, and hurt it; but even if the Eleventh Corps had been annihilated we had a magnificent army without it. Yet the army had retreated, and our division, which had had no fighting, had lost a brigade somehow. Either in the haste of the movement orders were not sent to that brigade, or the man bearing the order had been killed on the way by a chance shot. We only knew when our division went into camp on the north side of the river that the Third Brigade was not with us. Brigades were not very large then, but they were good. Hard fighting and hard marching all the year before had worked us down to a fine point; so that what was left of the old force was of the best quality, and the recruits sent to us had been judiciously spread through veteran regiments, and the force was pretty even. There were at least 1500 good fellows in the lost brigade, and an effort to communicate with them before the enemy learned of our retreat had to be made. This was the service upon which Talbot was sent that night. As he rode away over the pontoon-bridge on his hardy bay, the officer at the bridge asked him to try and pick up a couple of his fellows who were astray somewhere—Major Ingersoll and Lieutenant Crane; but we all feared that the picking up would be done by the enemy, and that Talbot was only one more good man to be added to those lost by this mischance. From the bridge to Catherine Furnace, near where the regiment had been left, was a good seven miles; part of the way by fair roads. That part was easy enough. From any hole by the road-side a hidden rebel might have taken a chance shot at the single officer without fear of discovery or punishment, but there was seldom any danger of that sort in Virginia. Talbot went safely and easily enough until he could not keep in the road, and then his trouble began. Occasionally he came bolt up against an abandoned wagon, crippled by having been driven into a mud-hole; two or three times he was nearly plunged over his horse's head by the animal's sudden descent into the road-side ditch to avoid some obstacle in the road unseen by his rider. It seemed the darkest night the world had ever known. There was a dense opacity in the air that was not diminished by the littlest ray of light from any source whatever, and that human vision could no more penetrate than it could a black marble wall. Not a glimmer of a road-side fire showed anywhere. Not a dim candle from a negro hut was visible. There was neither moon nor stars, and that general reflection from the whole heavens which sometimes lessens the total gloom of bad nights was not on duty. Talbot, having the ordinary proportion of human nature in him, did not neglect the opportunity afforded by the occasion for a dress parade of maledictions, involving in them his own ill-luck, the military system of marching up hill only to march down again, the Southern Confederacy, and the nights of "the sunny South." He did, however, get on for perhaps three miles, and then he discovered that he was off the road. Ordinarily a horse may be relied upon to keep in the road, but even this trait of equine sagacity has no value in war. Man depends upon the horse in this particular because the horse's instinct teaches him the way to his home. In war he has no home. If even his instinct as to the road is of any value aside from the relation of the road to his home, war, in our country at least, so nearly obliterates roads that even the keenest instincts might be at fault. In that country there were always roads enough, and they all ran crosswise—through fields, over rough hills and broken bits of woodland, and through the rivers; and the fences that are sometimes a guide had long since fed the bivouac fires. Apparently the captain had reached some point where the road turned off at a right angle, and he had kept straight on, not perceiving the turn. He found that he was in the fields, and in pretty wet ground, for his horse went to the fetlocks at every step. If he could have guessed whether the road out of which he had turned had twisted to the right or the left, he would have had some vague basis for the effort to find it again, but as he could not guess out this problem his uncertainty gave him a choice of directions as far as the poles apart. He might be presently laboring up the front of the fortified hills, or he might before he knew it be tumbling over twenty feet of bluff into the river. Finding his horse distressed a bit by the bad ground, he halted to breathe that excellent animal and bait his own imagination.

In this moment he formulated a few silent objections to the glory of the man who invented the compass. "For," he said, "the dogs, the wolves, the panthers, and other night prowlers do not get lost across the country. Why? Because they have in their brains some instinct of direction that is a living equivalent of the compass. Man must have had that once in his brain also. He could hardly be inferior to all the beasts. But some fellow without confidence in himself made a machine to have things easy, and all the rest of us have acquired so much the habit of depending upon the machine that we have lost that secret of nature. But come, old Cinnamon, we must get on."

He gave a light touch to his horse, and thus called upon, the honest animal responded by turning abruptly to the left, and making a rush up an almost perpendicular bank, eight or ten feet high, and forward from the brow, apparently through a strip of woods, for Talbot received many a stroke from the low-hanging branches. Half blown, the horse stayed his short course in what was evidently open ground again, which the captain naturally thought might be the road, because he imagined the horse would not have taken this independent initiative without some reason.

"Well done, old Cinnamon," he said, as he patted the horse's neck; "that was a good move."

But here again all was gloom, silence, and desolation. Yet as he sat and listened he could imagine that he actually did hear some faint sounds. Was it imagination only, or were there voices? Imagination has a ready way of working often without facts, and he could not determine whether the voices he seemed to hear were in the air or altogether in his brain, but he pushed cautiously forward, giving the horse the rein. Presently he was reasonably sure that he heard men talking, and a few seconds later he caught a glimmer of light.

Here was perhaps a camp fire, and some of our stragglers around it; yet it might be an advanced post of the enemy. He went forward, therefore, with the precaution that the case called for. Because to stumble upon the enemy's outpost in these circumstances would necessarily involve very ugly incidents. Guided by the difference in the air that even a remote and perhaps very little fire made, he heard the talking distinctly, and recognized that it was the conversation of Northern men; for, as between our men and the Confederates, accent, dialect, and intonation made distinction as easy as would the apparently broader differences of another language. He got so near without attracting attention as to see the men and hear what they said.

They were three stragglers of our army, rather more than half tipsy, and in the pleasant indifference to time and chance which it is the virtue of commissary whiskey to produce, they had made themselves a little camp fire, and were holding a prolonged consultation over the case of a horse that one of them had in his charge, and which had gone down in a hole where they were, having broken or otherwise crippled one of his legs in the fall. It was a battery horse, and two of the men were artillerymen, the other an infantryman; apparently the chance comrades of this gloomy way.

"Boys, I don't like to leave that horse," said one artilleryman.

"Well, we got to leave him or ourselves," said the other.

"Why 's only one more old hoss," said the infantryman. "Haven't we left 'em everywhere, all over? Haven't we filled Virginia with 'em?"

"No," said the first batteryman; "you're wrong—you're wrong, pardner. That ain't only one more old hoss; that wasn't no common horse. He's a good soldier of the Union, that horse. Him and me's been in many battles together."

"Well," said the other artilleryman, "I wish it was his mate, the black one. That black horse didn't care a cuss for the Union. But this was a good one. He'd pull like a soldier when the gun was in a hole; and how he would swing things when his gun was wheeled to unlimber! He was a hero."

"Yes, he was a good one," said the other. "It's a great wrong to call him only one more old hoss. There wasn't any nonsense about him. He was a veteran. He was just like an old soldier. An old soldier don't get up and yell for enthusiasm, like a youngster, but when the tough times come, he's there; and it was so with that horse. He faced the music at Fair Oaks, at Gaines Mill, at Malvern Hill, and Antietam. There's many a man would expect to be Governor of his State if he had done half as much for the Union as that 'ere horse has done."

Talbot now went ahead, and as he came close to the fire, the boys started to their feet, and the infantryman put up his piece and cried: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Attention, company!" said the captain; and the soldier, with the promptitude of a piece of machinery in which you have touched the spring, brought the butt of his piece to the ground, and put himself in the attitude of attention.

"You are staying out late, boys," said the captain. "Our army is all over the river, and the enemy may be here at any moment."

"That's what I been tellin' 'em for an hour," said one of the battery fellows; "but they say they can't find the way."

"Captain," said the infantryman, "lemme tell you how it is. You see, I belong to Twenty-second Indiana Regiment."

"Where is your regiment?"

"That's jis what I want to find out. I was out in this woods 's afternoon and had a good sleep, when I waked up, went into camp; but there wasn't any camp. The camp was there, but the army was gone. Then I started down this way, and overhauled some fellows on the road that I knew. They was next to us out in front. They told me all the army was moved 'cept our brigade. Said they saw my regiment out there. So I turned around and went that way. It was awful rough, and dark as pitch; but I got there, and the regiment wasn't there neither."

"Sure you were in the camp?"

"Sure as shootin', captain."

As this soldier's regiment was in the lost brigade, this information was important.

"And the regiment was not in its camp?"

"Regiment was gone. My colonel ain't the kind of a man to get left. I know that if there's any marchin', or any fightin', or anything else, he's a fellow to be up and hustlin'. He's a good man—as good as they make 'em. Now, captain, I'll do jist what you say. If you tell me I ought to go out to the lines again, I'll go."

"Why, the enemy's there now," said one of the battery fellows.

"Shoot the enemy! I want to get to my regiment."

"Well," said Talbot, "you'd better rush for the river, all of you."

"That's jis what Major Ingersoll told me."

"Where did you see Major Ingersoll?"

"Just along the road here a little ways. The major and Lieutenant Crane are on the piazza of a little house, waiting for the moonrise to find their way."

"And it's my opinion," said the artilleryman who had grieved over his horse—"it's my opinion that a Confederate moon ain't to be depended upon."

Ingersoll and Crane were the fellows Talbot had been asked to look out for. They, it appears, had been outside the lines when the troops moved, making a call upon some ladies. Talbot was very glad to get this news of them, and felt sure they could give him a straight account of the brigade, as they were last from the front, for he did not know just how much he could believe of the stragglers' story. But before going forward he insisted that the three soldiers should get in motion, for he understood that half tipsy fellows once started are as persistent in going ahead as they are in staying when once at rest. He was very much surprised to see them take the road in what seemed to him a wrong direction, but found upon touching this point that they knew just where they were, and that he, when he found them, had been actually going toward the river.

As he had in the directions of the soldiers a reasonably sure guide to the place where the other officers were, he jogged along confidently and with a light heart, for the accidental encounter with these tipsy comrades had lightened his labor.

II.

Half a mile from the point where he left the soldiers, Talbot came upon Ingersoll and Crane in the road. An unknown horseman, approaching at night on doubtful ground, is watched, upon the theory that as he may be an enemy, it is safe to assume that he is one until the contrary is shown; and thus the others prepared for defence, but hearing them near, Talbot hailed them by their names, and was recognized at once. They could give him good news on the subject of his errand. They knew exactly the position of the brigade. They had gone through its lines in the afternoon. They had returned at the same point only an hour ago, and the brigade was not there. They did not know what road it had taken, but nothing could be more certain than that it had followed the army.

But now how were they all to get to the river the easiest way?

"Well," said Ingersoll, "that is what has troubled us ever since it became so very dark. We have in the road here an ancient person of African origin who proposes to help us out of our scrape, and his plan seems to us a good one. We are, it appears, near to the Saldagnia ruin, and an easy road goes the whole distance, while from the ruin to the river there is also an easy way. We propose to wait at the ruin until moonrise, which is only about an hour, and then, if we cannot reach the bridge along the shore, we can swim our horses over. The rebs won't push in here until daylight."

Talbot agreed to act with them on this plan, and they went on together, talking over the experiences of the night, the colored man keeping exactly in front of the nose of Ingersoll's horse, and showing the road. They rode for some time in that way, and then Talbot made a singular discovery. He perceived that a fourth horseman was riding with them. The guide was on foot, but another horseman was in the company. It was a bewildering fact that made a strange, unpleasant impression on the mind. The captain made this discovery by observing that at the very moment when the voices of Ingersoll and Crane showed that one was in front of him and the other behind him, there was yet one more rider, almost keeping step with him, close at his side.

Talbot could not make up his mind what to do about this. Perhaps this other horseman was not the only other one there. There might be a party; they might have some evil intention, and it might be dangerous to give an alarm that would certainly precipitate whatever was impending. How could he give notice to the others without informing this fourth rider that his presence was observed? Before he had determined this point a solution came.

"Gentlemen," said a loud, clear voice, "I would like to say a word, if you please."

There was a sudden halt of every one. "Who said that?" said Ingersoll.

"Stranger has the floor," said Talbot.

"But who the deuce is he, and where does he come from?" said Crane.

"Gentlemen, I will answer your questions. My name is Wrayburn. I am a civilian, and a peaceful citizen of Virginia. I have been at the house of a relative on the north side of the river, and the armies were between that place and my own house. Taking advantage of the military movements the other day, I started to go to my home; for I thought your army would be by this time far south of this, and that this region would be clear. As it has not turned out that way, my ride home is not so easy. I am an old man, and have a pass from the commander of your army. Just now, on the road here, I found myself suddenly in your company. You did not perceive me; and as I heard that you were going by the way of the Saldagnia ruin I was glad, for I am going the same way. But I discovered that I was hearing conversation not intended for my ears, and I determined to declare myself; first that I might not unintentionally play the spy upon you, and next that I might not put myself in a false position."

"Why, that's all right," said Ingersoll. "Does any one object?"

"I do not," said Talbot.

"Nor I," said Crane.

"Gentlemen, you are very courteous and kind," said the old gentleman; and they rode on. In a very short time they reached the ruin, as the colored man had promised Ingersoll; and the arrival anywhere without an accident on such a night was good reason for a feeling of satisfaction. The ruin was a sort of landmark in that region. It was all that was left of a house that had apparently been as large as an ancient abbey, and built in that style. There were ranges of ruin that indicated the general plan of the outer wall, and across, in one direction or another, traces of wall which divided the ground covered into the semblance of great halls or cozy chambers or secret towers. Here and there was enough left of the main walls to show the full sweep of Gothic windows. The edifice had been of hewn stone, and its remains covered the ground in such a way that an effort to ride in or around it without a guide would have been dangerous to the horses' legs. They had all seen the ruin often enough and visited it, but only the colored man knew all the paths, and they followed him into a part of it pretty well surrounded with high walls. He had chosen this place apparently in the unconscious exercise of a secretive instinct, for they had all reached the agreement that there was no reason to apprehend the appearance of the enemy before daylight. Here they dismounted and hitched their horses, while the colored man kindled a little fire, for in this May night a little fire was a comfortable thing to be near. As they gathered around the little flame and got sight of one another, the Virginian drew forth a very reassuring-looking flask, with a metal cup fitted on the outside at the bottom. He poured a small portion of the contents of the flask into the metal cup and drank, by way of showing it was not poison, and then passed flask and cup to the major, and so it went around, and they became acquainted. As soon as the colored man had done what he could in these various ways to make the officers comfortable, he asked civilly if they needed him any more. As they did not expect to move until there would be light enough for them to find their way out, they let him go, the richer for some loose change.

Major Ingersoll, as seen by the light of this little fire, or by any other light, was a fellow of reassuring and pleasant aspect. He was a man of forty, with gray hair and beard, all cut very close, the gray making a happy harmony with his blue eyes, and not less happy contrast with the smooth brown of his skin. He was a man of sturdy rather than of graceful person, with that repose in act and speech—that total want of the element of irritability—which is a guarantee of sound nerve and brain; a fellow used to looking death in the face, and not to be much moved by lighter reasons; yet amiable at that, and ready for any fun that was on foot.

Crane was a queer fellow. His name was not Crane, and all those who daily called him by this name were well aware that it was not his; yet this was a camp compromise. He was a Russian or a Pole, and was possessed of a name pronounceable only in his own country, and being a very practical fellow, had adopted a name that should be easy to the ears and tongues of our people, and while he was at it, chose the easiest he could find. He was a short, round, tough fellow, very brave, and very superstitious, polite, ceremonious, proud, and haughty. Crane said, as he sat on a convenient stone beside the fire, "Mr. Wrayburn, I wish to request from you a favor."

"Certainly, sir; I shall be happy to do you any in my power."

"In my country there are also many ruins just like this, and to every ruin there is a story. This ruin has been a palace. Splendid people have lived here—fine gentlemen, beautiful ladies; that is very evident. This ruin must have a story, and I have all the time a great curiosity to know it. Can you tell me this story?"

"Well, sir, I am sorry to disappoint you," said Mr. Wrayburn, "but these ruins have no story. It was, as you have said, a grand old house, and the home of a notable family which came to a very melancholy end, and the country people say the ruins are haunted by the ghosts of those who lived there, as they say of all ruins, but there is no story in all that."

"There, I told you so. That is the beginning of the story—the melancholy end of the family—the haunted ruins. Do you believe in ghosts?" said Crane.

"Why, no, sir; I can hardly say that I believe in ghosts as visible realities. I do believe in ghosts as part of the machinery of the popular imagination; as things or fancies that affect the common mind, as part of the common religion or superstition of ages. Some strange and unexplained appearances have been seen in these ruins. What they are, I know not. The people in such a case always say ghosts, and the people are very apt to be wrong in every case."

"Who were they that lived here?" said Ingersoll.

"The name was Saldagnia, sir. It does not sound like an English name, but is rather Portuguese or Spanish. They were not Virginia people, indeed—that is, they were not of any of our known Virginia families. Only two generations of them lived here."

"Where did they come from?"

"That was never known with any certainty. They came to us here from New Orleans; from what place before that, it was found impossible to learn. There was a story, however, that their enormous wealth had been acquired in the slave-trade."

"They were very rich, then?"

"Oh yes; there was no fortune in these parts that would compare with theirs. Indeed, to have built this house would have impoverished any Virginia family."

"Evidently it was a great house."

"Everything was on the most magnificent scale, sir; a stone castle, or palace rather, as the gentleman said, built by foreign artists, furniture fit for the houses of kings, and a hospitality on a footing with the rest of it. The whole valley was always astir with the entertainments and festivities here when the owner was here; but a good part of the time he was away, at New Orleans, Paris, London, or elsewhere."

"And you mentioned that all this splendor came to a melancholy end," said Talbot. "What was that end?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Saldagnia had one son, a fine young fellow, with the same lavish extravagance and generous tastes as his father, and the same ardor in his love for horses. But this young gentleman was not so popular with the other youngsters of the neighborhood as his father would have liked. He had not grown up here, you see, but had come from some foreign university, and had some contempt, perhaps, for the simplicity of Virginia life. Mr. Saldagnia's wife was never here: she had died before the father had determined to make his home permanently in Virginia. But there was a great deal said about a very beautiful slave woman who was part of the household, one of those women that are very nearly white, and though there was not a trace of such parentage in young Saldagnia's appearance, the opinion became accepted as the truth that that woman was his mother. Nothing can be more hurtful than such an opinion of a taint in the blood, and this opinion became known to young Saldagnia himself, and poisoned his life."

"Retribution for the slave-trade," said Crane.

"Perhaps so, sir," said the old gentleman.

"On a certain day young Saldagnia appeared at one of our local race meetings on one of the finest horses ever seen in the country. Some ladies, admiring this horse, asked his name. Saldagnia said he had no name, and gallantly requested the lady to name him. She, at a loss, asked Mr. Sparks, a gentleman near her, to suggest a name. 'Why,' said Sparks, 'you might call him Sambo,' and they all laughed. Sambo was, you know, formerly a name for a half-breed person, and that laughter went to the heart of young Saldagnia, who perceived that every one observed the sneer.

"Well," said Crane, "he should have shot that fellow as soon as he could get him away from where the ladies were."

"He challenged him that afternoon, sir."

"That was good."

"Some of Sparks's friends said if there was any reason for Saldagnia to take offence at what Sparks said, it must be that he was the son of a slave; and if he was the son of a slave, Sparks could not meet him. But Sparks declined to argue the case. He said he would fight, and chose rifles for the weapons. They were both dead-shots, and Saldagnia's seconds objected to the weapon. Negotiation followed instead of a fight, and on the last day of the race meeting Sparks posted Saldagnia as a coward. They all went to Richmond that afternoon, and that night in that city young Saldagnia first learned this fact that his opponent had posted him. He sought him immediately, found him, and shot Sparks dead on sight."

"Well, he should have fought with rifles," said Crane.

"And what followed then?" said Ingersoll.

"Saldagnia was indicted for murder, and tried on that charge. His father's vast wealth came into play in feeing great lawyers to defend him. The jury disagreed, and he was tried again, and then there were appeals, and so forth, an interminable litigation that entirely exhausted the old gentleman's wealth, and he died here with a broken heart. Young Saldagnia was never hanged, but he disappeared. Then this house stood for a long while unoccupied, and one night in a great storm it was struck by lightning and burned, leaving the ruins about as you see them. Naturally the imagination of those living hereabout has peopled these ruins with the spectres of the old man and the slave mother, and the festal array of visitors, and all that, for superstition gloats over any opportunity to indulge the imagination in that way."

"Well, Mr. Wrayburn, you began by saying there was no story; yet you have told us a very interesting one about all those people."

"These incidents are so well known here that it did not strike me they could be new to any one."

"Well, I never heard a word about all this before; and a hundred thousand men have been near here all winter, and I do not believe one of them ever heard of it. This is a big country, sir."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wrayburn, rising; "but I can distinguish, gentlemen, that there is a little difference in the color of the atmosphere—the effect of the coming moon. In half an hour I shall have plenty of light, and therefore, with your permission, I will take the road."

And so, with a few ceremonious words, they bade him good-night, and the old gentleman rode away.

III.

And now the moon, as if struggling to keep Mr. Wrayburn's appointment for it, was above the horizon, but hidden by the heavy clouds that had made the gloom of the early night so deep. Through rifts in these clouds an occasional gleam cast a vanishing veil of light upon the ruins, and once or twice the moon shone in full splendor upon the tumbling architecture for several minutes at a time. Our friends had never seen it by moonlight before, and its beauty as thus seen was like a revelation to them of the glory of decay. Perhaps the romantic story they had heard of its history heightened the charm, for the mind and the moonlight have the same witchery to give dignity and poetical grandeur to what in plain daylight is only a broken stone or a shattered column.

There came a moment when the moon was dimmed again, but not altogether hidden; and Ingersoll stirred the dying fire, so that it flared up into a little flame, by the light of which they could see each other's faces, and a glance passed between them as if each needed to be reassured by the comfort of some familiar association of humanity.

Suddenly Crane's eyes became fixed upon a distant point of the ruin; there was a change in his demeanor; he said, or almost gasped, "There; what is that?"

"He sees ghosts now," said Ingersoll. And they would have laughed, but did not feel very merry, and saw that Crane, between the ghost stories and the moonlight, was very uneasy.

"No, boys; this is no fun. What is that? It is very queer."

At that moment the glimmer of moonlight in the upper air did not penetrate to those wells of gloom, the recesses of the ruin, and in the depths of one of these was seen what might have been a light, if ordinary light were blue and ghastly and illuminated a perspective trail rather than a point in space, for this was a queer, unreal, ghostly sort of glimmer that seemed to come out of the heavy dead-wall, and trail around at the foot of it in the great hall of the ruin.

And then there was stranger still; for in the flare of the light they could see moving shadows; but the shadows had a demoniac and unreal demeanor, for Ingersoll, whose common-sense had not been driven from its position, tried to explain the appearance by a thought of the enemy, and saw upon scrutiny that that would be folly.

Ill-defined in the dim gleam that seemed to go with it, and not clearly seen when the moon came to its best, a mass of grotesque forms moved under the influence of some law, and disposed itself in a half-circle at one end of the great hall, and there was stationary; and then some sounds arose from it—strange, wailing, melancholy, moaning, pathetic sounds.

And then the mass was agitated, but in unison, as if it might be dancing; but the movement had not the spirit or vigor or gayety of a dance. It swayed the mass to and fro; it swept it in a slow whirl around and around; and above the mass swinging arms seemed to strike the air, and a monotonous wail arose almost like the death cry at an Indian funeral—a poignant, affecting sound of very human sorrow.

Crane was on his knees, his eyes bulging from their sockets, speechless with a dread he could neither understand nor control; Talbot was uneasy, and Ingersoll puzzled to his wits' end.

And now the moon, freed for a little from the drapery of clouds, lit the scene, and they could see things really in the form of human figures before them, and one figure became somewhat defined. It seemed to be a woman—a very tall woman, made taller in appearance by a high perpendicular coif or fantastic head-dress. She seemed to come out of the gloom, and to advance to a point between the ends of the semicircle. At that point was a remnant of the base of a stone column about four feet high and flat on top. On that stone, as if it were an altar, she placed what seemed to be a box; and then she withdrew to some distance, and went around this stone with a measured pace, vaguely resembling the movement of a minuet, swinging her arms in grotesque motions, like a witch at an incantation; and each time that she went around it she intoned that same moaning wail they had heard before. And then the whole company seemed to come into her train and move with her, making strange gesticulations; and as they did this they became apparent, and our friends could see them, but yet could not see what they were, for the most notable thing about them was that there were no faces; they were in human form, but not a human face was to be seen. The general outline gave a place for human heads, but the places where the faces might be were covered, as if with veils or other light drapery.

Crane, as a man sensitive to ghostly things, gave indication of their presence. Never were the magnetic rods that indicate the subterranean location of a murdered man's money thrown into such a terrible condition of agitation as he had shown; and the state of collapse that he had now reached impressed painfully the others.

Neither Ingersoll nor Talbot had the same faith as Crane, and they wrestled with the case a little, but found no rational way to account for it. Speculate as they would upon the possibilities of things that might make this appearance, they could find no natural explanation, and were forced upon the conclusion that they were in the presence of the supernatural. For a time—they never knew how long—they remained thus fascinated by the strange scene, and then there was a sudden change. There arose a commotion. The company of spectres lost its relation of harmony. For the orderly measured movements and sense of dignity of the priestess, or whatever she was, there was substituted an air of alarm, and the decorous demeanor of the semicircle of spectres lapsed as if under an impulse of dismay. They swept swiftly out of the open space in which they had displayed themselves, into holes, crannies, or crevices of the wall; and their departure was more surprising even than the first appearance, for our friends had only time to observe this effect of commotion and consternation, and, lo! they were gone.

The officers themselves seemed to recover the power of speech at the same time.

"If they are ghosts," said Ingersoll, who was not entirely sure but that Crane and the people were right—"if they are ghosts, why should they skedaddle in that way?"

"Yes; what should they fear?" said Talbot. "I never heard that ghosts feared anything but daylight; and certainly they were frightened, and there is no daylight now."

"No," said Ingersoll; "but there is moonlight enough for us to move by. Let us get away, because, if they are not ghosts—"

"Yes; if they are darkies on a voudoo spree—"

"They may have been frightened by the coming of things that ought to frighten us also."

As this was said, and they got the half-paralyzed Crane on his feet, their ears were filled with noises that were unmistakably military—the word of command, the hurried movement of horses, the jangle of arms. From the windows just above, and very near them, substantial figures pointed long arms at them in a rather ghostly way, but at the end of each arm was a very unghostly revolver, and the whole room filled up in a minute with Confederate cavalry.

They drew their swords, stood upon their defence, and were saluted with the sharp and peremptory demand, "Surrender!" There never was a more complete surprise. If the ghosts, or whatever the things were that they had seen, had been planned to paralyze their perceptions while the enemy's men crept down under them, the surprise could not have been more successful, and Talbot was for a moment inclined to the fancy that that was the truth of the case. But here they were caught, surrounded, and cut off by a force of cavalry so large and so ready that there was not even a chance to fight, and they accepted their fate.

Ingersoll and Talbot made out from what they heard in the course of the next half-hour, as the enemy's fellows talked among themselves, that this cavalry had been encamped on the high ground back of the river, ready to push down to the river at daylight; that they had seen the lights, had heard the voices from the ruin, and had recognized in all this a voudoo night; that the colored people of the country round had gathered to celebrate the strange rites of snake worship which their ancestors had brought from Africa, and that the cavalry had stolen down to surprise the darkies, and had thus caught the prisoners by accident. There was not any consolation in this, but they could not reproach themselves for the failure to understand the singular scene they had witnessed, because neither of them had ever had much experience of the ways of Southern darkies. But Ingersoll and Crane felt much worse over their capture than Talbot did for his part, as they had good reason to. He had been on a perilous service under orders, and was captured while on duty; they had left the lines on a lark during the day, and were taken while absent without leave. They did not know how they would be carried on the rolls, and they gnawed their hearts in silence as they lay for half an hour under guard. They had been promptly robbed as soon as taken, for their horses were superior to any in the cavalry, and were confiscated for that reason; and troopers, under the pretence of searching for arms, had taken their watches and money; for all had been done so suddenly that they had not even had the thought to resort to the ordinary soldier's device of hiding their valuables. Preparations were made about half past two to send the prisoners to the rear under guard, as the cavalry were about to go forward, and then there was another sudden change.

With a sudden effect like that of an explosion, there was a rattle of guns in a half-dozen points at once, all around the outside of the ruin, and the drums sounded that quaint, half-lilting, rapid movement, the advance in double-quick time. Our fellows' hearts were in their throats as the cavalry fellows stopped and looked each other in the face, and wondered what this might mean. They did not wonder long. Some of the cavalry outside saw infantry in motion, saw what infantry it was, and put spurs to their horses. Others caught at this hint, and there was a general skedaddle in the dim light, and in five minutes the ruin was in possession of the lost brigade.

The brigade had come on slowly through the early night, when the commander discovered that he had been left, and made a long halt without fires on the road half a mile above the ruin, because the fellows in advance discovered that there was a cavalry camp on the road ahead of them, and the time had been employed in the endeavor to find another road leading to the river. They did not know how much cavalry there was, and supposed that they had gotten in between the advance-guard and the main body of some rebel division on the march.

While here they also heard the noise of the darkies, and this helped them to a knowledge of their position.

As they watched the cavalry camp they saw the cavalry move, and were able to count it, and discovered that they were about two small companies. Then, supposing that the object of the cavalry was to effect some surprise, it was thought that it might be a happy chance to make it a double surprise party.

Thus the brigade had moved stealthily on the same line with the cavalry, its commander clearly perceiving all the opportunities of the occasion, and so they had happily arrived, and Ingersoll, Talbot, and Crane were very happy fellows, though they had a night somewhat painfully crammed with experiences.

As they all rode over the bridge together, Crane said to the commander of the brigade, "Joe, oh, Joe, you never were so much in the right place in your life as when you were lost!"

"HOSS."

BY SARAH P. McLEAN GREENE.

"No, my boys they don't amount to no great,
From Hubert to Ross;
Take to teachin' and preachin' and such fool nonsense.
But my gal, Em thar, that I lost,
She was all hoss, sir;
Nervous and steppy from head to foot;
Hoss, cl'ar hoss.

"Her mother died when she was a two-weeks babe.
That thar was a loss
To the gal. But she never cared for no sech as gals do.
Nor mincin', nor prinkin',
Nor flirtin', nor fibbin';
But only hoss; good honest hoss;
Straight fast hoss.

"Boys curled up on the sofys readin'. My Em
Never give a toss
For sech nonsense. Could throw on harness or saddle
Quicker 'n any man on the place.
'Ud drive anything anywheres;
Trusted 'em. Sorter shy of folks, Em was.
Hoss, cl'ar hoss.

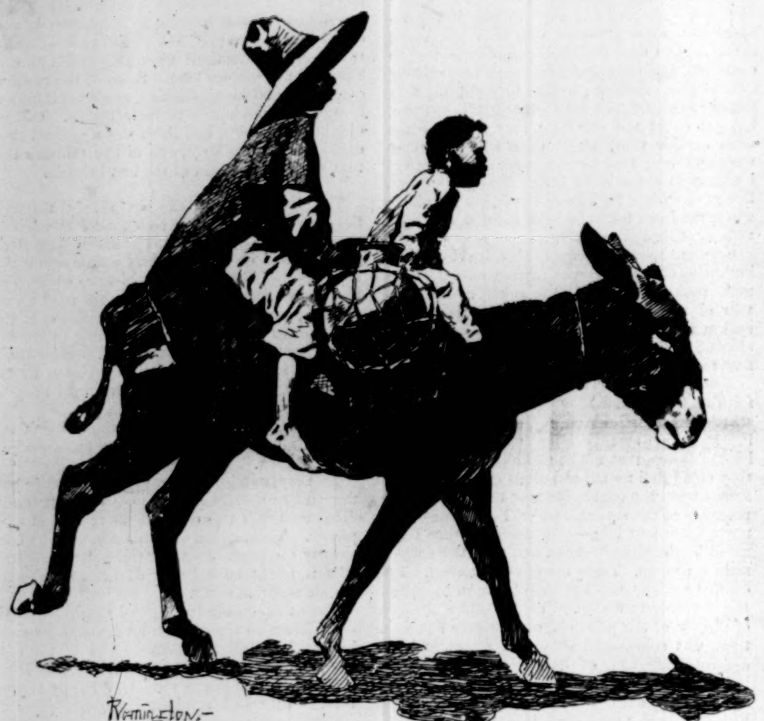
"Says the women-folks, 'You must put her to school,' says they.
'Let her l'arn who's boss,
Or she won't be good for nothin'.' So I took my gal
To a school twelve miles to the north;
And I sold her pet hoss
Thirty miles to the south—
Sold her hoss.

"Next mornin' I went out to the stable, and thar—
Sure's my name's Ross—
There stood my gal, all bedraggled, twelve miles from the north;
And thar, thirty miles from the south,
With his halter rope broke,
And his nose on her neck,
Stood her hoss!

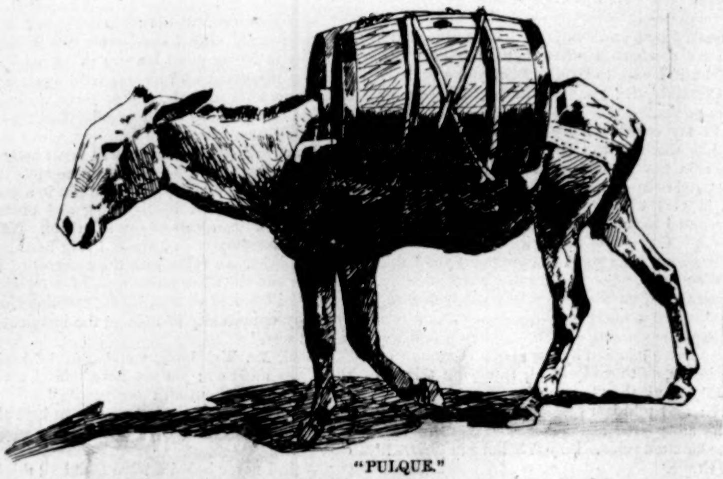
"Nothin' she couldn't tame; eyes gray as a hawk,
Hair like floss.
Whipped my bull 'Storm' round the yard tell he bawled,
For hornin' a ewe lamb. Whipped him tell he bawled;
Standin' thar calm, whip in hand.
Hoss, right through.
Fearless hoss.

"That winter—waal, a fambly near us took scarlet-fever;
Couldn't get no nurse.
'I'll go,' says my gal—all the neighbors hangin' back—
'I'll go.' She saved the little brats, and she took it—
And she died, my gal Em.
Hoss, ye see, jest the same.
Cl'ar through, hoss.

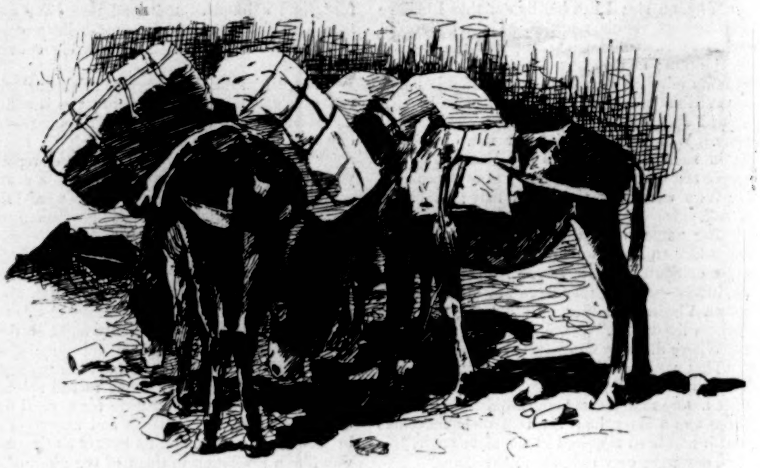
"Handsomest pale look ye ever see. Somehow my gal's face said to me,
'Dad, what's the loss?'
Jest the same old way—thin nostril, for'ard look, lips curled.
No, my boys ain't much; but I had a gal once,—
My gal Em that I lost.
She was hoss, without flaw,—
Peerless hoss!"



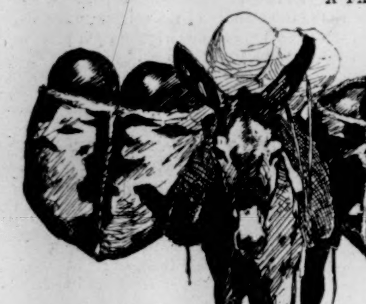
A FAMILY AFFAIR.



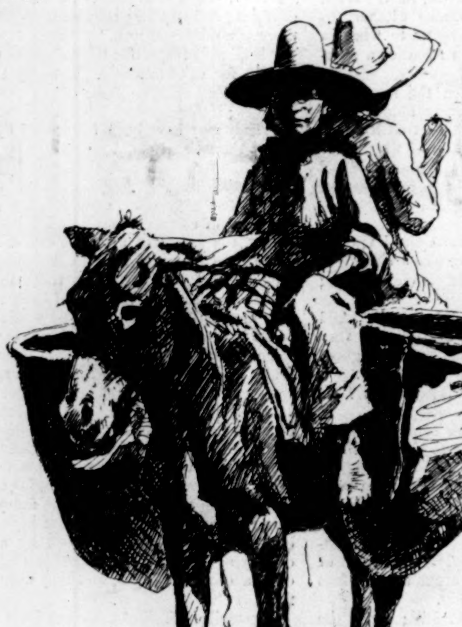
"PULQUE."



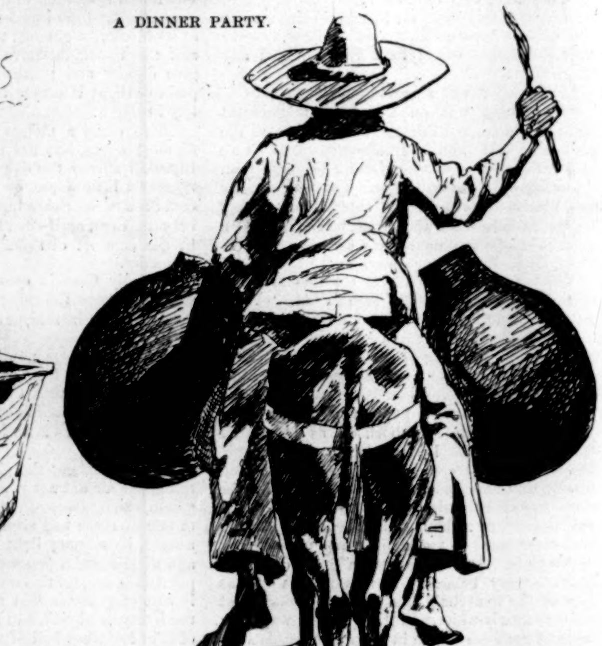
A DINNER PARTY.



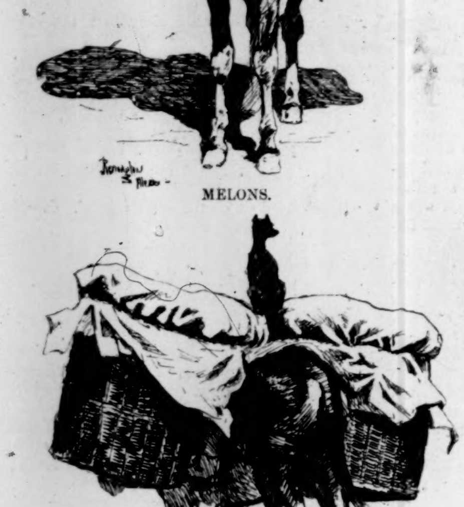
MELONS.



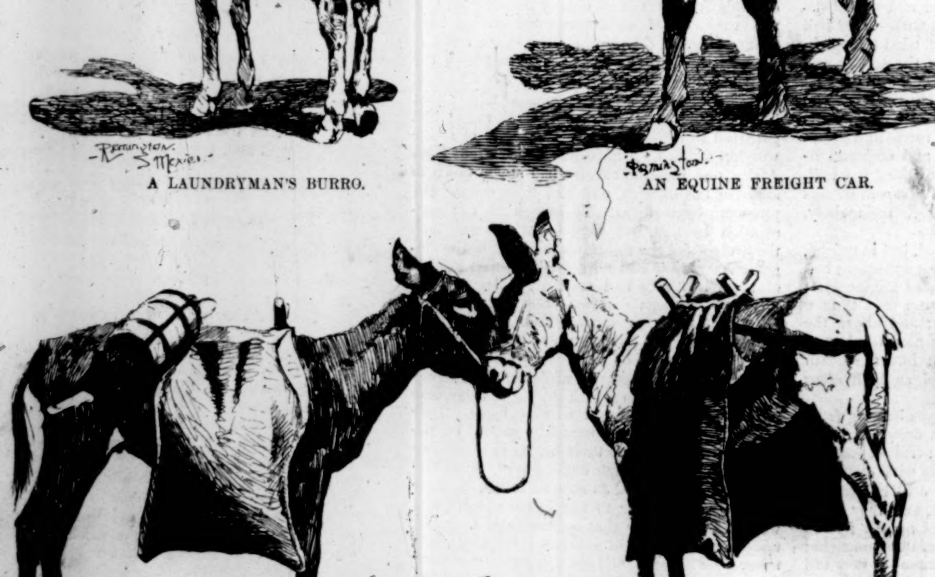
AN EQUINE FREIGHT CAR.



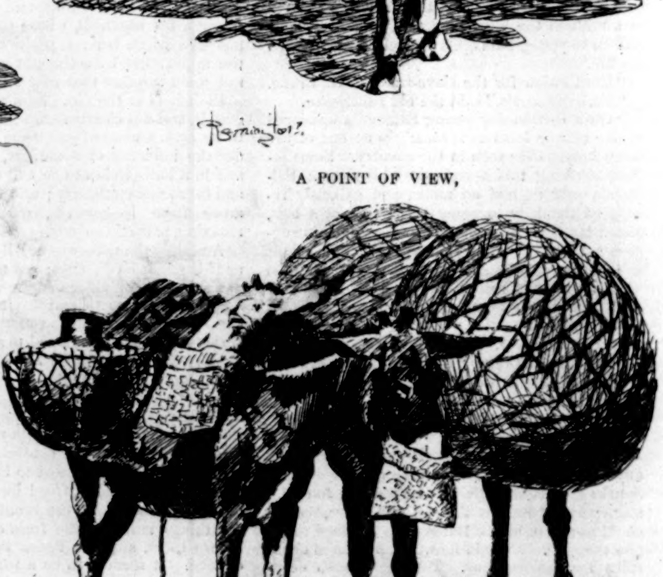
A POINT OF VIEW,



A LAUNDRYMAN'S BURRO.

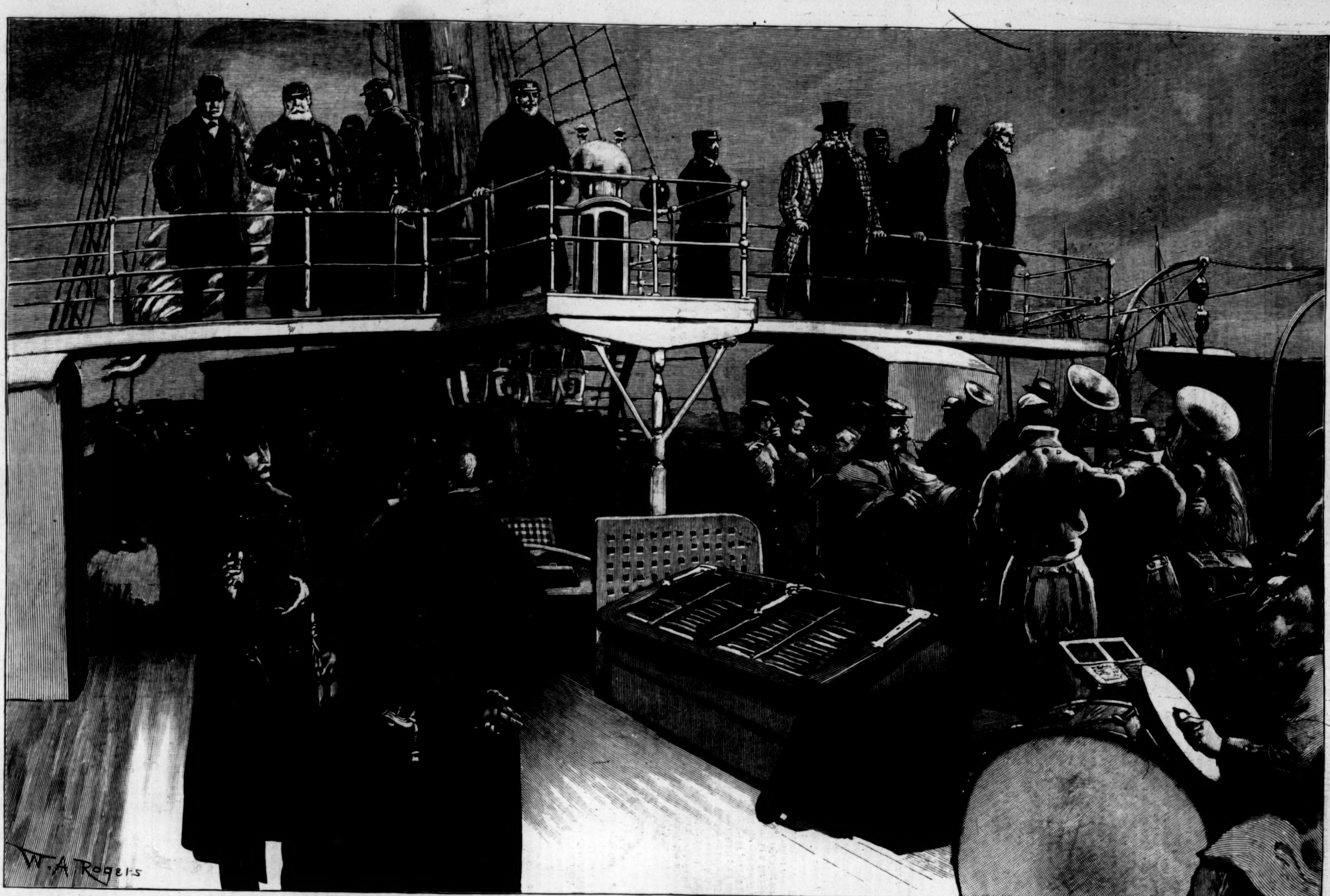


BROTHERLY LOVE.



WATER AND STRAW.

MEXICAN BURROS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 962.]



SECRETARY TRACY'S GOOD-BY TO THE FLEET.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 954.]

MEXICAN BURROS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

OF all God's creatures none is so lovable as the ass; yet because the qualities which render him lovable are fine and subtle in their blendings, it is not given to the coarser portion of humanity to apprehend the sweet perfection compounded of his many excellencies. And especially is this true in Mexico, where those whom he serves with the gentle resignation that is his most amiable characteristic usually are wanting in the very qualities of sympathy and refinement which make his own life beautiful.

In Mexico the ass—the *burro*, as they call him, with a fine trilling of the *r's*, in the mellow Spanish tongue—is the veritable centre around which revolves a considerable portion of the social system. Without him, notwithstanding the new railroads of which the Mexicans are so vastly proud, domestic affairs would come at once to a stand-still for lack of household necessaries, and a whole class of work-people would be thrown out of employment. His place in the social economy is that of a Gibeonite—a faithful servitor engaged in supplying the small but imperative needs of every-day life.

In the city of Mexico the arrival at manifold doorways of burros laden with charcoal is a distinctive and most pleasing feature of the early day. The charcoal comes from the pine belt near the crest of Ajusco, the beautiful mountain that overtops the range on the southern side of the Valley of Mexico, and in still larger quantities from the pine forests on the western and south-western slopes of Popocatepetl. In this latter region the charcoal-burning is carried on not far from where the road leading to Cuautla, and thence to Oaxaca and the towns of the south, tips over the edge of the plateau, and winds downward into the Hot Lands, dropping four thousand feet in not much more than twenty miles. At night, looking eastward from the balconies of the little Hotel Ferro Carril at Amecameca, points of fire are seen scattered over the flanks of the great volcano, where the charcoal-makers are at work; and through Amecameca, where their drivers, if piously disposed, stop to say a prayer at the very holy shrine of Nuestro Señor del Sacro Monte, the charcoal-laden burros are driven on their way to the city of Mexico. There they arrive in the very early morning, ready to enter by the Garita de San Lázaro, where the municipal tax levied upon their lading is collected so soon as the custom-house officers shall wake up and open the city gates.

Capitalists in the charcoal business own two, three, sometimes even four burros. These, of course, do business in a grand way—selling whole loads at a stroke to the *mayordomos* of great houses, or to the managers of hotels, or closing out their entire cargo *en bloc* at one or another of the charcoal shops (*carbonerias*) which are found in all parts of the city, and the proprietors of which (popularly believed to wash themselves only once a year—on Holy Saturday, by way of preparation for Easter) are veritable wonders of griminess. As a matter of course, griminess is a very striking characteristic of all who are engaged in the charcoal trade. Every *carbonero* looks like a badly made-up negro minstrel, and the very burros, whose Quaker coloring of mouse gray or delicate brown is toned down toward brown-blackness by the black dust in which at all times they are more or less enveloped, seem to lose in their dingy calling a very large portion of their self-respect. Even more melancholy than the mass of their brethren—and because of their gentle natures and introspective cast of mind, all asses are of a melancholy habit—are these charcoal-carrying asses, whose only chance of a clean coat comes in the time of the rains. When halted in the streets before a doorway their heads hang downward dismally, and they rarely have at such times the energy, born of an intelligent interest in some object that arouses their curiosity, to raise their ears. And when in motion their pace is slow, and their sombre exterior seems to betoken a not less sombre tone of mind.

The smaller dealers, not yet capitalists, own but a single burro; and him they drive from house to house, usually through the poorer portion of the city, until the load of charcoal is sold. The process of sale is most animated. Each purchaser is resolutely determined to buy her charcoal at a bargain, and the seller ever is upheld by a virtuous resolution to get as much as possible above the market price. The sale, therefore, becomes a curb-stone comedy—the woman declaiming vehemently against the iniquity of *carboneros* in general, and against the especial sinfulness of the one with whom she is dealing in particular, while the *carbonero* rapidly perjures his way through the calendar by swearing by saint after saint that his price is an honest one. Half a dozen times the woman turns to go, and then is called back, or comes back of her own accord, to renew the war. Once or twice the man makes a demonstration of leaving, and when this act is performed with a certain air of resolute finality, it is a sign that his lowest price really has been named. Then the woman, grown keen by practice in dealings of this nature, shifts her ground. She accepts his terms, and devotes her energies to securing in the portion of charcoal that she has purchased only the large pieces, which will burn long and well; while the man, mindful of the low rate at which the scraps left in the bottom of the panniers must be sold, makes a prodigious show of one fine large piece as he artfully slips into the portion many little pieces, of use only, as the woman tells him with a liberal employment of sarcastic diminutives, to make a little fire for the little birds. The actual amount of money involved in this transaction (as represented in our coin) usually is four and a half or nine cents. Under favorable conditions the deal may be concluded in half an hour.

And all the while that the bargaining is going on the burro stands melancholy by. His head droops downward toward the curb-stone, sometimes so low that his long ears change their centres of gravity, and take a forward cant that to the careless observer gives him an expression of animation that is sadly unreal. At times the assaults upon his rearward parts of some especially vicious fly will cause a spasmodic twitching of his inadequate scrag of a tail; now and then for muscular rest he will raise and set down again languidly one or another of his slim, delicately made legs; and from time to time the whole of his meagre person will be expanded by a deep-drawn sigh. When the bargaining at last is ended he resumes once more, at his master's bidding, the commercial peregrinations which they share together, of which his share is burden-bearing only, while to his master falls the pleasurable part of excited bargaining and profitable sales. Working or waiting, the burro does it all so well and so patiently, and is so resigned to his blackening of charcoal dust, that the blessed San Benito himself—that excellent negro saint—very well might be assigned to him as patron.

In the northern and western cities of Mexico the household fuel is wood, and every day the *leñadores* come down from the mountains astern of their burros, on whose small backs firewood is high heaped up. The cords which fasten on this load are drawn so tightly—to provide against jarrings by the way, as well as to guard against deliberate attempts to shake off the load—that the burro acquires a wasp-like waist painful to contemplate. As a rule, the whole load of wood is sold at once, and it is pathetic to observe the series of deep breaths which the burro takes when the cords are loosened, and his poor little ribs once more expand naturally and give free play to his lungs; and when his breathing apparatus is in good working order again, he usually manifests his delight over his deliverance by braying a mighty bray. To ears unaccustomed to it, there is a terror-begetting quality in the near-by braying of an ass. The sound is a mighty and a thrilling one, much more suitable, it would seem, to a ravening wild beast than to the most gentle and most sweet-natured animal devoted to the service of man. But no singing-bird enjoys his own notes more thoroughly than an ass enjoys his brayings—uttered with outstretched head, eyes widely opened, nostrils distended, tail elevated, and ears a little raised. His whole heart seems to go into the powerful sound, and when the long note is ended there is a look of self-satisfaction upon his expressive face that invites (from those who love him as I do) such commendation as may be conveyed by means of gentle strokings of his long fuzzy ears.

In many Mexican cities where the drinking water is unwholesome, the burro performs the strictly Gibeonite duty of water-carrying. In Morelia, for instance, water is brought from an especially sweet spring three or four leagues away, a load consisting of four long earthen jars rigged to a pack-saddle with nettings of rawhide. I think that I paid a real a jar to the *aguador* who filled the tank for drinking water in my car; on which basis his two journeys a day to and from the springs brought him in an income daily of about seventy cents in our money. This man exhibited an arrogant disposition that was in marked contrast with the servility which usually obtains among Mexicans of the lower class; and considering the way in which he was piling up a fortune, his arrogance was not surprising. The earthen jars, being porous, keep the water fresh and cool even during a long trip in the sun; for which reason, and also because of their comparatively small cost, they are preferred to barrels. These latter, however, occasionally are used by *aguadores* who have come into an inheritance, or have drawn a prize in the lottery, or have had a lucky sitting at cards; for a pair of barrels never can break, as the earthen pots do now and then, and will last a lifetime. The sentimental traveller resents this innovation. A burro bearing earthen water jars in rawhide nettings almost may be considered bric-à-brac; but a burro bearing barrels is a mere prosaic monotony.

Milk also is carried on donkey-back: in the city of Mexico, in tin cans about half the size of those to be seen in New York milk wagons, slung one on each side of the burro; in the provincial cities and towns, in earthen jars (glazed inside), slung, like the water jars, in nettings of rawhide. The milk-boy usually sits abaft the cans or pots, on what may be termed the burro's quarter-deck, and if he be a lazy boy, as is not unusual, he serves his customers without alighting. But for the burro milk carriers most of the Mexican cities would go milkless, for transportation by wagon from country to town would be almost impossible, by reason of the shocking condition of the roads. One of the sights of the city of Mexico is a line of milk wagons that is run between the city and a dairy farm ten miles out, at Tlalpam. These structures consist of great bodies slung with heavy leather straps on massive sets of wheels, and each is drawn over the execrable road by a team of ten mules. They bound over big stones, and lunge through the deep ruts, and rattle along at a lively trot over the comparatively good stretch of road near Churubusco (just where the advance-guard of General Twiggs's division had some especially sharp fighting), and are so very lively in their motions throughout the ten-mile drive that only Mexican milk could pass through so shocking a journey without becoming butter.

Owing to the wretched roads, vegetables and fruit, when not carried on the backs of men and women, also are brought to market on burro-back. The city of Mexico is so fortunate as to receive its supply mainly by water, from the market-garden region bordering the lakes Chalco and Xochimilco and along the Viga Canal. Through this canal the boats come well into the city, close to the market of the Merced, and quite near to the market of the Volador; and it is a very pretty sight of a morning to see the hundreds of canoes, with their ladings of vegetables overtopped with flowers (the latter to be sold in the flower market beside the cathedral), sliding rapidly cityward along this charming waterway, with its bordering of gardens—the *chinampas* that float so picturesquely in the pages of Mr. Prescott's *Conquest*, but do not float at all in sober fact—and its long lines of overhanging trees. But of all the cities on the plateau, only the capital is thus favored. Elsewhere burros bring in the greater part of the vegetable food supply, toiling beneath great panniers full of melons and other succulent delights that they would give their long ears to be allowed to eat, and actually subsisting for the most part on curses and dry blows; for the burro is not well treated by his Mexican master, who regards him in the light of a machine, out of which the greatest amount of work is to be extracted with the least expense of food and care. The burro unfortunately encourages this mode of treatment by his persistent patience under affliction, and by his willingness to live on into extreme old age under conditions that a horse would protest against by dying promptly, and that in a comparatively short time would sap the vital forces of even a mule.

Quite the most severe strain put upon the burro's long-suffering nature is when he brings into the city a load of the rich alfalfa for happier and more favored four-footed creatures to eat. When loaded with this grass, all that is visible of him is his muzzled nose, a bit of his shabby tail, and a very little of his dainty legs, so that he gives to the observer the impression of a small hill of grass endowed with peculiar powers of locomotion. The load upon his back is a heavy one, but it is nothing in comparison with the weight of infliction involved in bearing such a load and yet not being permitted to nibble so much as a single blade of it. His expression is dismally pathetic as he tries to twist his nose out of the muzzle, that he may get at the delicious food in which literally he is enveloped, but that is so hopelessly beyond his reach. From under the green mass that shades them, his eyes peer out wistfully, and the sorrow that oppresses his heart is shown also in the petulant twitchings of his tail. Tantalus himself knew no more bitter pangs.

Another lading of a somewhat similar sort, though much less harrowing to its bearer, is the short straw from the threshing-floors. On the smaller farms, where American agricultural machinery is all unknown, the process of threshing is carried on in a very Biblical fashion. The bunches of straw, with the grain still in the ear, are spread out upon a level place of hardened clay, and over this are driven horses, oxen, or goats until the grain and the ear are separated. The process also bruises and breaks into short lengths the straw, producing a fodder for which the Mexican horses and cattle have so great a liking that a practical objection to American threshing machines is found in the harsher straw that results from this theoretically better treatment. For transportation the broken straw is packed in nets, in spherical bundles flattened on each side, and two of these constitute a burro load. Under this lading the muzzled burro walks in sedate misery, yet somewhat comforted by the reflection that his master—not from affection, but from motives of economy, joined to a natural propensity to thieving—will contrive to retain in the net some small portion of its contents for his four-footed servant's benefit.

From the stand-point of the colorist, one of the most agreeable loads that a burro with a coat of dark brown can carry is made up of red earthenware pots. Atzcapotzalco, a little town half a dozen miles northwest of the city of Mexico, is a town of potters; and along the shaded road leading thence to the city pot-laden burros at all times are to be encountered. The last mile or two of this road traverses the line of the causeway over which the Spaniards retreated on the Dismal Night; and at Popotla is passed the great tree beneath which Cortés sat him down and wept because of the disaster that had overtaken him. There is a very mediæval flavor about this highway, notwithstanding the abrupt interpolation of the nineteenth century at regular intervals of forty-five minutes, in the shape of Philadelphia-made tram cars.

Wayfaring folk of a loose and irresponsible sort drift along it, and as there seems to be no very good reason why they should be in one place more than in another, they seem enveloped in a mild air of mystery as they wander by. Manufacturers of chairs (wrought coarsely of unpainted wood, with rush bottoms), of straw mats, of baskets, and such like simple wares, with their handiwork of a week piled upon their backs, pass onward toward the city in search of a market, or return thence laden with the city commodities which they have bought; agricultural laborers come and go, their wide trousers of cotton cloth rolled high up upon their thighs, with a consequent revelation of a great amount of thin, muscular brown legs; well-to-do families of the middle class, out for an airing, stroll along in amicable groups; horsemen, mounted on sturdy and very bony little horses, canter past lightly, and leave behind them a wake of dust that seems in the bright sunlight a low-lying golden cloud. Nobody seems to mind dust in Mexico; it is accepted placidly as one of the accidents of nature.

Along this ancient highway that was old when the Spaniards came into the land, and that retains so well the flavor of its antiquity, the pot-laden burros from Atzcapotzalco sedately pass, taking their way by preference along the smooth foot-path, and looking with reproachful eyes at whoever, refusing to turn out for them, compels them to step aside into the dusty road. Sometimes their load consists of two great earthen pots, of a size fit for Morgiana's oleaginous experiment with the Forty Thieves, slung in balance, port and starboard, against their sides; sometimes the load is made up of many small pots, piled all over the burro, so that he seems to be most strangely barnacled with earthen-ware, and wonder fills the mind as to how they all are made fast there. In any case the load is a heavy one, but the burro accepts it philosophically, and makes the best of his bad fortune by seizing upon such of the pleasures of life as his good fortune places in his way—a bite of the juicy grass that grows in thick tufts here and there along the edges of the ditches beside the road, or a sly nibble at some other burro's lading of vegetables, or a hastily caught mouthful of green leaves from a bough low-hanging across a garden wall. Some of these pleasures, as he well knows, will entail upon him a thwacking, but the sensitiveness of his hide has been dulled by many thwackings, while his insufficiently fostered love for green food fresh and juicy ever is most keen. A resentful twitching of his tail will follow his beating, but this seems to be mainly for the sake of keeping up appearances, for an expression of pleased contentment lights up his face as he walks on, happily munching at his stolen sweets.

It is on the homeward journey, when his load, whatever it may have been, is left behind, that the burro really enjoys himself. Even on the return trip he is not permitted to cruise light, for no one would dream of being so wasteful—to say nothing of flying in the face of the providence that has created burros for the express purpose of bearing burdens perpetually—as to drive a burro anywhere without a load. But the cargo carried out of the city always is much lighter than the cargo that is carried into it, consisting only of such household luxuries or necessaries as have been bought with the money gained by the sale of the inward load. By way of ballasting his craft, the burro driver usually rides on the return trip, and such of his family as have come along for the sake of seeing the city sights and enjoying a whiff of the city smells—his wife or one of his numerous children—ride with him. In thus ballasting a burro it seems to be desirable, as in the case of cutters, to bring him well down by the stern, for which reason his rider sits very far aft, and if the load consists of two grown people, there seems to be imminent danger that the one farthest astern will go overboard. When the second rider is only a child, this cautious method of stowing the load is not adhered to; the child is just tumbled aboard anywhere forward among the empty water jars or empty panniers, and is taught to train his legs out over the burro's bows. The child takes the matter very seriously, holding tightly to the pack-saddle, and keeping a sharp lookout ahead, between the burro's ears, for rough places in the road.

The driver usually is in an amiable frame of mind upon the return trip, for if good fortune has attended him he has sold his wares satisfactorily, and with a part of the proceeds of his sale he has lined his hide with enough *pulque* to induce in him a very genial mood. He drums his heels cheerily against the burro's flanks; he cries "B-u-r-r-r-o!" in encouraging tone and with quite unnecessary frequency, this being the cry by which, differently inflected, the ass's movements are directed; he even may give vent to his light-heartedness by shouting aloud. Partly in sympathy, as we reasonably may believe, the burro responds to his driver's cheery demonstrations in kind. His little legs move briskly; he answers the friendly calls by twitchings of his tail and by waggings of his ears, and he occasionally lets loose the gladness of his heart in a far-reaching bray. But over and above this rejoicing for sympathy's sake, the burro has excellent reasons for being glad upon his own account. He knows that he is going home, which tender word means for him certainly a whole night of rest, and possibly—for a burro always is contemplating this pleasing possibility that so rarely is realized—a really sufficient supper. And even by the way he has much to be thankful for. Being in so happy a mood, his master will suffer him to stray unrebuked from the path of burro rectitude; his bite at a branch over a garden wall is a good joke on the gardener; his sly nibbles from another burro's load a clever piece of stealing to be laughed at; and where a tuft of fresh grass tempts him from the highway, his master is less likely to cudgel him than to bid him, in God's name, to eat in peace—so soft and friendly are the feelings which *pulque* engenders in the human heart. Therefore it is not surprising that the burro considers the best in all the twenty-four the hour in which, the cool evening winds playing upon him pleasantly, he and his master come out blithely from the city gates, and his little white nose is pointed rather uncertainly for home.

That such small liberty of action and such scant friendliness on his master's part suffice to bring gladness into a burro's life affords pathetic evidence of how dreary his life must be. Labor is not with him as it is with his master, the mere fulcrum on which to rest the lever of pleasure, but is the very essence of his existence. He is at work all the time. Of all the burros whom it has been my good fortune to meet, I recall only one—save the extra beasts in pack-trains, which take their loads in regular order—who was without saddle or panniers, and really was taking his ease. This fortunate exception to the rules of burro life was a gray ass whom I met in the town of Cuautla, a beast of fine and delicate finish, who was standing in a little corral, shaded by a great hedge of bananas and short, thick-set palms. A wattled fence enclosed the corral, cutting off any chance of nibbling at the banana leaves, and in the midst of his small kingdom my friend rested in absolute idleness. He seemed to be dazed by it. He did not stir a muscle—not even when I photographed him; and my experience with all live animals which I have tried to photograph, and notably Mexican washer-women, is that at the critical moment when the cap is taken off the camera they get up and turn around. Sometimes it has occurred to me—his face was turned away from me and I could not see his eyes—that this remarkable ass was asleep. Assuredly he was not at work.

Because of his smallness, and the handiness with which he can be loaded and unloaded, and his patient gentleness, the burro is used mainly for purposes of the domestic sort which I have named. Sometimes he carries bales of merchandise, and so is a part of the grand affairs of life; but labor of this heavier and more important sort is usually performed by mules. The burro preeminently is an appendage to the household, and without him, it is not too much to say, the Mexican household would be lost.

For the work in which he is employed his trappings are of the simplest. Of a bridle he knows nothing. Sometimes a halter may be tied about his head, but even this is rare. He is steered and his pace is accelerated by much shouting, in varying tones, of "B-u-r-r-r-o!" and by blows upon the head which indicate to him, when he manifests a disposition to have a will of his own in regard to some particular turn in the road, the direction in which it will be well for him to go. The pack-saddle that he wears is a simple structure, in shape very like a wood-horse, made fast by a girth drawn so tightly that only a burro's ribs could stand the pressure without cracking, and further steadied by a crupper to hold the load in place during a scramble down-hill. From the saddle leather aprons hang down on each side—partly for the sake of preventing the load from chafing him, and partly that the load may be kept more steadily in place. The panniers sometimes are of basket-work, but usually are made of hide that is stretched while green over a wooden frame and so dried. As for the amount that can be packed upon a burro there is no end to it. Things which would get up of their own accord and tumble out of a wheelbarrow are forced in some mysterious way to remain steadily in position upon the sharp peak of a burro's back, and this notwithstanding the fact that at times, being temporarily possessed by the devil, as his master believes, he makes very lively efforts to shake them or rub them off. But packing is an art that is well understood in Mexico, as it necessarily must be in a country where are found wide, rich regions totally inaccessible to wheels.

In the matter of food, the burro eats what it pleases the saints to send him; and to the discredit of the saints the fact must be stated that this is very little indeed. Grain he probably never tastes at all, unless some lucky chance gives him the opportunity to steal a stray mouthful from a broken sack. Grass he gets during the dry season only by bites here and there along the road-side, and his nearest normal approach to it is his cropping at the aquatic weeds which grow in the *acéquias* that in the valley of Mexico run parallel to many of thé country roads. In the rainy season he fares better, for then the grass sprouts freely, and he is at liberty to eat his fill of it. It is for only three months in the year, however, that this good-luck attends him; during the nine long months of sunshine he for the most part lines his unfortunate inside with nothing more palatable than the fleshy leaves of the nopal cactus, and doubtless, such is the sweetness of his spirit, thanks Heaven that his master has the grace, when giving him such sorry fare, to shear the leaves of their thorns.

Indeed, it is this unfailing patient sweetness of disposition under constant trials of mind and body that makes the burro an exemplar of what we arrogantly style the higher virtues of humanity. In his gentle soul malice has no abiding-place; anger, save momentarily, under sore pressure, when he may give vent to his feelings by a casual kick, is not a part of his nature, and he possesses an infinite capacity for forgiving wrong. In his dealings with his kind, moreover, he displays the same genial qualities which are so creditably displayed by him in his intercourse with man. There is indeed no sight in all nature that stirs the heart more sensibly with affectionate emotion than that of two burros, whether they be old friends or only chance acquaintances of the road, gently rubbing noses together in simple but sincere expression of a well-grounded mutual esteem.

Truly it is a reasonable and commendable tendency on the part of those who would keep sweet the milk of human kindness that is within them, to draw near in a spirit of warm friendliness to this gentle-natured creature, who uniformly returns good service for ill use, who accepts misfortune with the calm indifference of a Stoic philosopher, and who so readily, for even trifling favors, exhibits that affectionate gratitude which is begotten only of a warm and honest heart.

WHEN DOES AN ATHLETE GROW OLD?

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

THE length of time that athletes retain their physical vigor is much disputed. Whenever there is a case of an athlete breaking down, it is generally made public in rather a prominent way. It is quite natural that those who do not break down should not attract so much attention as those who do. It is an easy matter, going by simple statistics, to tell how long So-and-so has competed successfully in athletic contests; but it is not easy to determine, if one is found to have been remarkably short or remarkably long lived, whether it was the past competitions which used him up, or his regular habits which enabled him to attain a more than ordinary age.

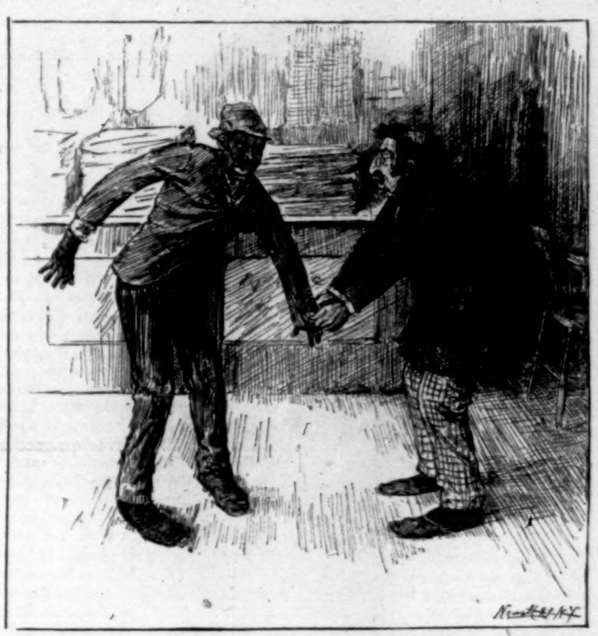
If amateur athletes were taken as subjects, it would be almost impossible to arrive at any stated figure to represent how many years or months they remain in what might be called "vigorous bodily training"; for, as a rule, this class does not remain in continuous training long enough to be valuable as a basis for compilation. Amateurs generally begin athletic sports when at school or college, and the prominent ones continue them until their business responsibilities become so great that continued athletic practice becomes inconvenient or irksome. Their best efforts being spent in their daily vocation, they do not feel like devoting any portion of their time of recreation to any kind of physical work. No matter how great an athlete one is, it will take but a few months of living under such circumstances to destroy nearly all desire or ambition to keep up his high athletic standard. One can easily see how, with the majority of amateurs, this would be the case, and the reason why this class does not remain longer in competition than it does is not because their vigor has been impaired, but simply on account of their energy being used in ways other than for athletics.

With the professional athlete it is quite the reverse. Fine physical condition with him is an object to attain, to which he generally gives preference over everything else. My attention was drawn to this subject about six years ago by meeting a professional athlete named Donald Dinnie. Dinnie told me he was then fifty-two years of age, but he was still going around this country competing in whatever games he thought worth his while, and in the heavy-weight competitions he was still quite successful. Being surprised at his age, he told me that he had competed in all the big games in Scotland, where he was born, since he was seventeen or eighteen years of age, and that until he was thirty-five or thirty-six he was just as good at running and jumping as he ever was, and until he was forty-five he considered himself fully as good at throwing weights as ever. He also said that if it had not been for an injury to his ankle he thought he could have continued his running and jumping for some years after the time he stopped that branch of competition.

Nearly all can understand that the first part in athletics in which a man fails would be games that require unusual activity, and that those requiring simply a slow, muscular effort could be indulged in for a comparatively much longer time than those requiring activity. Dinnie, it seems, considered that at forty years of age he would have been as good at games requiring much activity as when he was ten or fifteen years younger, and also said that in the slower games, such as throwing weights, he remained as good as ever; only about half a dozen years longer than he considered he should have for running and jumping. Some may think that Dinnie is a rare exception, and that, as a rule, athletes who have competed in hard contests for a few years, whether they are amateurs or professionals, will not make such a showing as Dinnie did at middle life. To give the reader a little idea of what Dinnie was when at the age of fifty-two, I will mention a few performances which I saw him do. His weight was then 210 pounds in athletic costume, and he was six feet and half an inch tall. He threw a 16-pound hammer, with a 4-foot handle, from a stand over 100 feet, and it is doubtful if W. L. Coudon, C. A. J. Queckberner, or F. L. Lambrecht, who are the three finest amateur hammer throwers from a stand in this country, could beat him. Dinnie also put the 16-pound shot over 42 feet, and threw the 56-pound weight over 26 feet. He could clear close to 10 feet for a standing broad jump without dumb-bells, and could easily do 5 feet at the running high jump. At tossing the caber, which is essentially a very heavy game, he was about as good as ever. On account of the great difference in length and weight of cabers used, figures concerning distances reached at the game are useless. Dinnie could easily clear 9 feet at the pole vault. No better way of describing his unusual athletic ability at that age can be found than by mentioning that he could have easily qualified in the programme which is used for the decision of the amateur general athletic championship of this country.

No amateur athlete yet known could be used as such a forcible example as Donald Dinnie in proving that if athletes take care of themselves they can be physically as vigorous at forty years of age as at thirty. But it is not the fact of their previous competitions which makes them such poor criterions. There are, however, some men in this class whose records of to-day are fully as good, if not a little better, than when they might have been thought to be in their prime. Mr. Queckberner is now thirty-two years of age, and is better than ever. He has been competing for over thirteen years. L. E. Myers, the celebrated middle-distance runner, was as good in 1888 as he was in any one of the previous ten years of his competitions. Myers has without doubt run more races, and harder races, than any man on record, and he has not competed for a year simply because he is too busy with other matters. Nearly all amateur athletes draw out of competition before their records, in proportion to the number of years they have competed, can be used satisfactorily in determining whether or not they are failing or gaining in bodily vigor. Very few athletes retire from competition if they can still win; but the fact of one not being able to come up to ability which he had shown several years previously should not be taken as a conclusive sign that his former exertions were too much for his present and future ones. In such cases the truth is that they have not the same physical vigor that they once had; but it is generally because their increasing daily duties leave no energy to be used in physical recreation. Their muscular system then begins to fail, and although they are in first-rate health, still they are not so strong and active as they once were.

If these same men were suddenly relieved of their daily responsibilities, and began again to lead a thoroughly healthful, active, out-door life, they probably would accumulate enough physical energy which would make them just as good and perhaps better athletes than they might have been five, ten, or fifteen years before, provided that they had not passed the age when one is supposed to begin to stand still. At many gymnasiums both here and in Europe the instructors are generally men in middle life, and a short conversation with them as to how their present physical ability compares with what it was when much younger is convincing that they consider themselves fully as good as at an age when most people would consider them to be at their very best.



ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

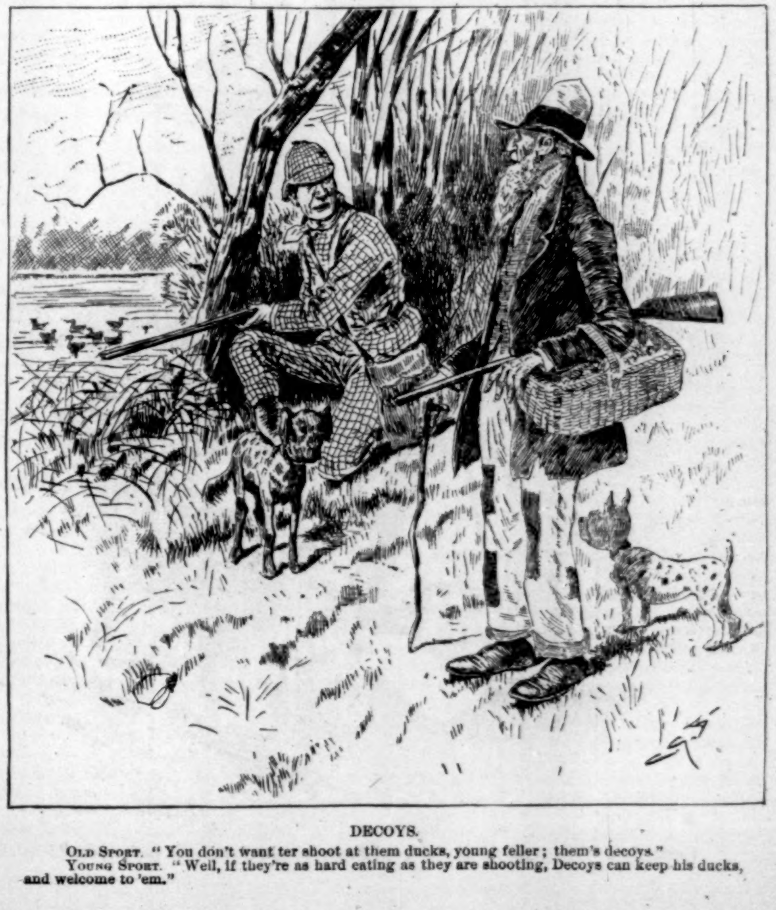
"Schleeves too short? Mein grazious, mishter, look at dot! You vwant um to drag on de floor?"

WASHINGTON SENATORS.

WATSON C. SQUIRE, ex-Governor of Washington Territory, and Senator-elect of the new State of Washington, is a man of broad experience. He served in the war, first in the Nineteenth New York Infantry, in which he rose from private to First Lieutenant of Company F. He was mustered out honorably after serving on the Upper Potomac till the fall of 1861. For a year he studied law in the office of Judge Rufus P. Ranney at Cleveland, Ohio, and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Ohio. In the fall of 1862, in response to President Lincoln's call for more troops, he raised a company of sharp-shooters, and afterward was placed in command of the First Battalion of Ohio Sharp-shooters. He served in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland, including the battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and Nashville. In the latter part of his service he was Judge-Advocate on the staff of Major-General Rousseau, and also on the staff of Major-General George H. Thomas.

At the close of the war he was employed by the Remington fire-arm establishment, and visited the capitals of Russia, Spain, Turkey, Mexico, and other countries. One contract made was with France for $15,000,000 worth of fire-arms. Mr. Squire was born at Cape Vincent, New York, on May 18, 1838. He attended school at Falley Institute, and later graduated from the Wesleyan University at Middleton, Connecticut, in the class of 1859. He first studied law in the office of Judge Ezra Graves at Herkimer, New York, but afterward taught school till going to war. In 1879 he went to Washington Territory, was appointed Governor by President Arthur in 1884, and in other ways has been identified with the progress of that commonwealth. His first report to the Secretary of the Interior was pronounced by Secretary Teller as the best report ever given by any Governor of any Territory. He has done as much as any one for the development and creation of the new State that has now honored him with its first Senatorship.

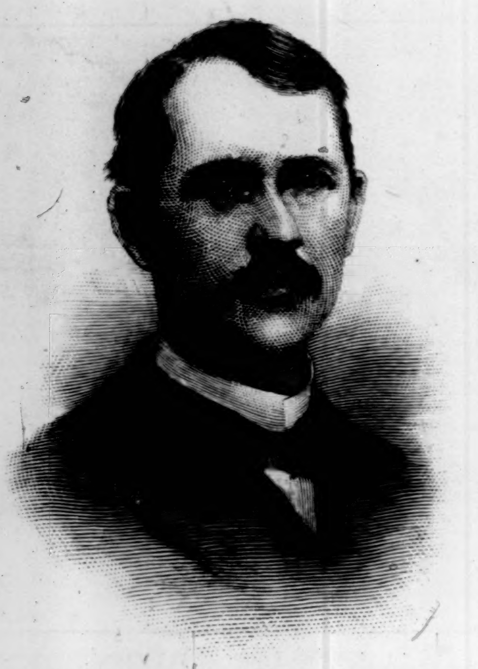
John Board Allen, who on the 20th inst. was chosen to represent the new and vigorous State of Washington in the United States Senate, was born at Crawfordsville, Montgomery County, Indiana, May 18, 1845, and is therefore nearly forty-five years of age. He lived at or near his native town, educating himself as best he could for the future that for him has been full of well-earned honors, until the spring of 1864, when, at the call of Abraham Lincoln for 75,000 more men to assist in crushing the great rebellion, he, although not yet nineteen years of age, enlisted in the 138th Indiana Infantry, and served in Tennessee and Alabama until mustered out in 1865. With his parents he then became a resident of Rochester, Minnesota, where for a year he served as agent for a firm of grain men. Next he read law in the office of Judge Wilson, of Rochester, and soon entered the law school at Ann Arbor, Michigan. In 1869 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1870 became a resident of Olympia, the present capital of the new State, where he opened an office in the public reading-room, of which he became the custodian, at a salary of $15 a month. At this time there was in all that broad territory no familiar face, no one with whom he could claim acquaintance. And yet, with no helping hand or friendly influence to assist, within a twelvemonth his practice had grown to unprecedented dimensions for one so young, and he then came to be regarded as a lawyer of great promise and an orator of unusual force and ability, and although but twenty-five years of age, took rank as the peer of such legal lights as ex-Chief-Justice B. F. Dennison, ex-Justices O. B. McFadden, J. E. Wyche, Hon. Elwood Evans, Governor Elisha P. Ferry, and others of more than local reputation. In 1875 he was appointed United States Attorney for Washington Territory, and in this position for over ten years, through the administrations of Grant, Hayes, and Arthur he served with distinction. In 1881 he made the city of Walla-Walla his abiding-place, where he has built up what is probably the most lucrative as well as most successful practice of any attorney in eastern Washington. He is a man most affable, courteous, easy of approach, careful in



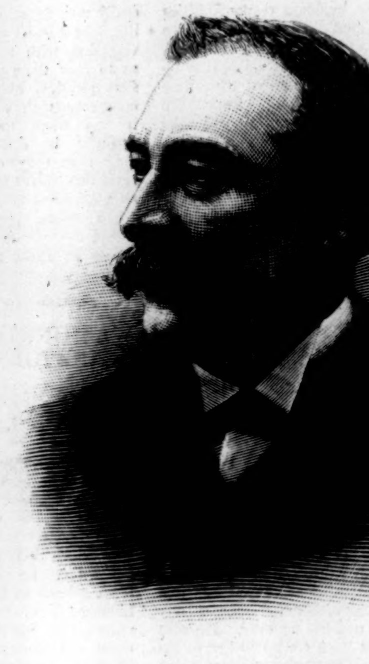
DECOYS.

OLD SPORT. "You don't want ter shoot at them ducks, young feller; them's decoys."

YOUNG SPORT. "Well, if they're as hard eating as they are shooting, Decoys can keep his ducks, and welcome to 'em."



HON. JOHN B. ALLEN, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRODECKE & CO., WALLA-WALLA.—[SEE PAGE 963.]



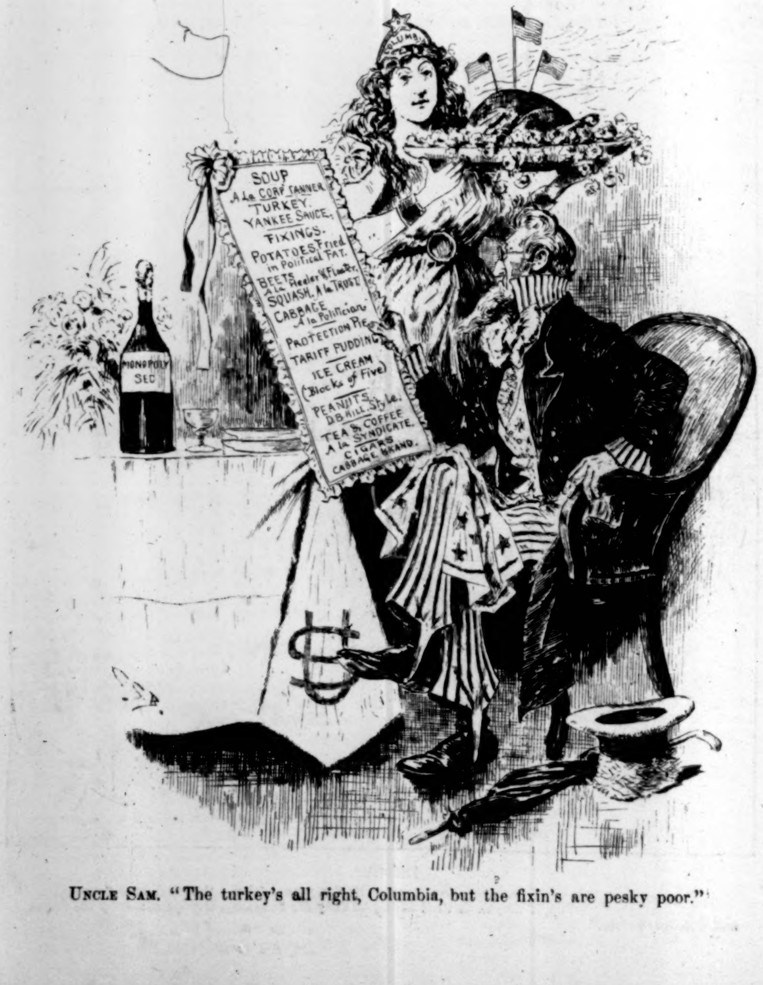
HON. WATSON C. SQUIRE, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LA ROCHE & CO., SEATTLE.—[SEE PAGE 963.]

what he promises or does, faithful to his friends, and of the most unswerving integrity, as well as a patriot and most excellent citizen and neighbor. In 1887 he was chosen to represent Washington in Congress by a majority of 7371 over his Democratic opponent, Charles S. Voorhees, who for two terms had been the Territorial Delegate, and his defeat of Mr. Voorhees, himself one of the most popular and able men of Washington, is one of the most emphatic evidences of Mr. Allen's popularity and force of character, and although he was not permitted to take his seat in Congress, yet by his industry and energy he obtained from the government much that was of great benefit to the Territory, and proved in many ways that he was not only faithful to his friends, but a zealous servant of the whole people, who have recognized his faithfulness and abilities by choosing him for the most honorable place they could bestow.

THE TRIALS OF INVESTORS.

TRADITION has popularized and fixed in the public mind the idea that the early winter months are a special season for making investments. It is easy to see how this has come about. The tradition is based upon a practice that in the early days of the business history of the country must have been wellnigh universal. To an extent the practice is still in vogue, since there is a large number of people whose business or income from other sources is such that they are able to add to their investments every year, but who cannot determine the amount available for that purpose until their accounts for the year are virtually closed, or at least made up. The disbursements that are made on account of interest at the end of the year are much larger than on any other day for making such payments, a fact that has also contributed to unusual activity in the investment market just before and after January 1st. It is true that owing to the constantly increasing volume of capital seeking investment, and the distribution of interest days, especially by corporations, throughout the year, the importance of the two or three weeks immediately preceding and following New-Year's Day has been to an extent diminished. Still, as before noted, there is a large number to whom the period is most interesting, yet full of perplexity, because it brings up for their decision many questions of paramount importance to them and those whom they care for.

Not a day passes without bringing home to those whose business it is to assist the investor in placing his money cumulative evidence of the difficulties that attend their joint labors. And the worst of it is that the difficulties seem to be on the increase rather than diminishing. They do not consist entirely in trying to avoid unsafe or injudicious investments, but, indeed, include the work of finding anything that is at all satisfactory. The enormous sums of money ready to absorb all offerings of first-class securities makes the competition for them much sharper than one would infer from the present condition of business on the Stock Exchange. As a matter of fact, large investments are no longer made in the Stock Exchange, but over the counters of large jobbers in bonds and other investment securities, or through syndicates. But these, according to all accounts, have very light lines of securities on hand, and the busy season is already upon them. Some idea may be formed of the demands that are likely to be made upon them by reflecting upon the millions of dollars that the great insurance companies must invest safely yet profitably every year, to say nothing of the trust requirements that must be filled. The barren condition of the market may be comprehended by noting that there are practically no new railway bonds coming out, and the development of our transportation system has always been looked upon as a prolific source of supply. The only large amounts of railway bonds likely to be offered will not begin to supply the demand. It may be noted that the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company recently offered to its stockholders twelve and a half million of its new consolidated mortgage four per cent. bonds, and in spite of an active six per cent. money market, the subscriptions to the issue were fifty per cent. in excess of the amount offered. A similar amount of bonds will soon be offered to the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and will doubtless be at once absorbed in the same way. If it should become necessary to sell a new security of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway in connection with the reorganization, it is safe to assume that the greater part of the issue will be spoken for the moment a decision regarding the matter is arrived at. There are no other large issues in sight.



UNCLE SAM. "The turkey's all right, Columbia, but the fixin's are pesky poor."

Two securities that have absorbed large quantities of investment money are for different reasons falling into disfavor. One is the Western farm mortgage; the other, government bonds. Recent developments are having a salutary effect in checking the passion for the large rates of interest paid upon farm mortgage loans. Probably the great majority of those obligations will turn out all right, but the temptation to do business in them, to force them on the public on account of the high commissions paid all around, has unquestionably impaired the value of the total. The high price of the four per cent. bonds of the United States, and the nearness of the four and a half per cents. to maturity, together with action of the Treasury Department in constantly lowering the price it pays for them, are circumstances that seem calculated to drive holders out of those bonds rather than to invite investments in them. Foreign investors have developed in their own way a comparatively new source of investment in this country, namely, in the aggregation and capitalization of large industrial concerns. Within the last twelve months millions of foreign capital have been transferred to this country to pay for the control of breweries, flour-mills, iron-works, and other manufacturing establishments. It may be suggested that we too have experimented with industrial enterprises, as, for instance, the Cotton Oil Trust, the Sugar Refineries Company, and the National Lead Trust, and have found them anything but satisfactory, even on a speculative basis. But there is a wide difference between the American and the British methods of dealing with industrial enterprises. The former consists in issuing anywhere from three to five dollars in securities against every dollar of appraised value, and in making haste to offer the securities, but no confidences, to the public. The scheme, in a word, is a blind pool with plenty of water in it. On the contrary, the English investor does not go into an industrial enterprise until the property has been thoroughly examined by competent experts, and its books overhauled by professional accountants from London, where the reputations of public auditors amount to something. Then the concern, if accepted, is capitalized on the basis of its value and its earnings, and its securities have a standing that is not approached by any of the trust stocks that are actively dealt in on the Stock Exchange. The business of investing foreign capital in this way has become so extensive and is so profitable that two companies have recently been organized and successfully floated the scope of which is to facilitate the making of these international investments.

In the present condition of the investment market it would seem that the example of English investors were well worth considering, and certainly their methods are deserving of imitation. It is useless to disguise the fact that in spite of the decided improvement in the railway situation in every important respect, there is still a lack of confidence in railway management and securities. How quickly it would be revived—indeed how difficult it would have been to dissipate it—if the accounts of every railway corporation were subjected, as they are in England, to the scrutiny of first-class public accountants. The public has been fooled too often, and Wall Street, because the scene of its despoliation, is suffering in consequence. Wall Street can improve its condition, and at the same time win back and serve its now enlightened but apathetic *clientèle*, by insisting upon prompt, lucid, and detailed statements of all the facts relative to every corporation the securities of which are dealt in upon the floor of the Stock Exchange. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Friday, November* 22, 1889.

THE SEAT OF PAIN AND PLEASURE,

The nervous system, often suffers a diminution of vigor, and causes mental annoyance, and even positive disturbance, without disease in the sensorium itself. It acts as a mere reflector, in many cases, of inaction in the stomach, and consequently of incomplete assimilation of the food by the blood. This of course weakens it, in common with the rest of the tissues, and renders it less able to bear without suffering an ordinary strain that would make no impression upon strong nerves. To supply a deficit of strength, and remedy a supersensitiveness in the nerves incident to a lack of vigor, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is far better adapted than any mere nervine or simple tonic, since the offspring of its use, complete digestion, is the vigorous and early parent of nerve force and quietude. Malarial attacks, rheumatism, bowel, liver, and kidney complaints succumb to the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

NANCIEBEL:

A TALE OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "YOLANDE," "PRINCE FORTUNATUS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW FRIENDS.

FOR Mr. Richard, Stratford-on-Avon was an empty town after the departure of Nanciebel. He used to wander all round the neighborhood—through the meadows, down by the river, or along the Weir Brake; or again he would go away up to the top of Bardon Hill, and survey the wide landscape, identifying almost every feature of it with some recollection of his lost Nancy. Here was a lane in which she had made shy confession of her love, and sworn sweet vows of constancy until death; yonder was the highway in which, not a fortnight thereafter, they had had a furious quarrel; and still further along, the point at which she had become suddenly penitent, and had wept mild tears of contrition. He even went into the little shop in the High Street and begged Miss Kate Marlow to allow him to visit, in solitude and silence, the vacant little court-yard in which Nanciebel and he had conjured up so many fair dreams and visions of the future. Sister Kate was sympathetic, and understood; she left him to himself, and gave him ample opportunity to become as miserable as he wished. But one afternoon Miss Kate had a more definite favor to bestow on him.

"I had a letter from Nancy this morning," she said, at the door of the shop. "I was wondering she did not write; but she said she waited until she got settled. Would you like to see it?"

"Oh yes," said he, eagerly, "for she won't write to me until the end of next week. Of course I am anxious to know how she takes to the place."

Therewith he followed Nanciebel's sister inside, and she went and got the letter. It was a long and elaborate composition, showing care as regards the handwriting; no doubt Nancy was already practising. But it was the contents that interested Mr. Richard—and surprised him. He expected that Nanciebel would be complaining of her sad fortune; pining for absent friends; recalling the pleasant hours she had passed with those she loved most; and wondering when her period of lone banishment was to be over. Nothing of the kind. In this letter Nancy seemed rather to be giving herself airs. Her sister was told of all the elegancies of life at the vicarage, even to the ringing of a dressing-bell before dinner, and was given to understand that Nancy was put in a position of perfect equality with the vicar's daughters, and even treated with consideration and respect by the lady house-keeper—somewhat awful person, as it appeared—who presided over the establishment. Mention was made of the Stanhope phaeton which had awaited her at the station. The garden of the vicarage communicated with that of Holiwell Court (Hon. G. Stapleton, brother of Lord de Vaux and Esk); and as the vicar's family had the free run of the place, Nancy, when the two young ladies were at their morning's tasks, would sometimes wander into the hot-houses, where the Scotch head gardener told her the Latin names of the plants, and otherwise introduced her to the science of botany. And so Mr. Richard read on, momentarily expecting some reference to himself, but finding no such thing. He handed back those closely scribbled sheets, and thanked Miss Kate. Then he walked away home, rather dispirited.

But a very different letter arrived at Woodend toward the close of the following week. There was no showing off or pride of place, but the outpourings and tender confidences of an innocent young soul, that might have melted a heart of stone. Oh, for the happy days, never to be recalled, which she had passed with her dear Richard in that beloved Stratford town! Here she was all alone, far, far from friends, with no one to cheer her or comfort her, with the future all grown dark and hopeless. The night brought wakeful hours of memory, and weeping over bygone happiness; the morning brought with it a renewed sense of isolation. A moan as of a dove deprived of its mate went all through this letter; and even while the young man prized and welcomed eagerly these artless confessions, his heart was stricken with sympathy and pity. Poor Nancy! Even the Stanhope phaeton, and the dressing-bell before dinner, and the Hon. Mr. Stapleton's greenhouses, and the Scoto-Latin names of flowers, seemed not altogether to compensate. She still thought of her dear Richard, and of drowsy Stratford town, and the silent-winding Avon.

But the drowsiness of Warwickshire, so far as Mrs. Kingston and her son were concerned, was about to be broken in upon in a sudden and startling manner. Quite unexpectedly, without any warning, the news arrived that Richard's uncle out in China had at last accomplished the end he had long had in view—his retirement from the immediate direction of the firm of Kingston, Campbell, & Co., of Shanghai, and that he and his step-daughter would almost immediately start for Europe. There were some further details in the letter. Uncle Alexander meant to set up house in London after he had had time to look about; but in the mean while on his arrival there would be a good deal of legal business to attend to, and he would take it as a kindness if his sister-in-law for that brief period would receive into her house his step-daughter Florence. Now Mrs. Kingston had never even seen this young lady, who was a daughter by a former husband of Uncle Alexander's second, and recently deceased, wife. But the little widow never thought of evading this demand made upon her by her imperious and hot-tempered brother-in-law. It was not the aspect of this surprising intelligence which filled Mrs. Kingston's breast with concern.

"Richard," she said, going to her son with the letter in her hand, "your uncle Alexander and his daughter are coming to England; and he is going to bring her down here to stay with us a little while until he gets some business over in London. And—and I suppose there will be a general talk over family affairs," continued the anxious mother, "and—and I suppose I shall have to tell him about Miss—about Nancy—"

Mr. Richard's face flushed quickly. "I've said before, mother, that I expect Uncle Alexander to mind his own affairs," he remarked, in ominous tones. "I am indebted to him in no way, and I don't mean to be. Did I ever ask him for any of his money? Who constituted him my guardian?"

"I am sure that your uncle Charles and I did what was right about—about Nancy," said the widow (who seemed always to have a little struggle in calling Miss Marlow by her Christian name); "but I know all the same that your uncle Alexander will be very angry—and you know how stormy and passionate he is."

"Look here, mother," Mr. Richard said, definitely; "I want you to understand this: I am not going to allow Uncle Alexander to worry you about Nancy, or upon any other subject. If he has anything to say, let him say it to me, and he shall have his answer; but if I find him beginning to bully you, I shall show him the way to the door. I suppose you may live all your life in China and yet not have forgotten how to take a hint."

Alas! when Uncle Alexander arrived at Woodend—accompanied by a tall and handsome and bright-looking young lady, who appeared to take possession of the whole house in a bewildering sort of way—he was in no truculent mood. He was a complete wreck, he declared. The long voyage had shattered him; the rattling across France had still further destroyed his nerves; his consolation now was that he could lay his bones to rest in his native land. It is true that as Mr. Richard watched the performance of this big, heavy, bilious-complexioned man at luncheon, he was of opinion that, for a moribund person, he possessed a remarkably brave appetite. His harrowing description of the sensations he suffered during the wakeful hours of night did not interfere with his large consumption of steak and kidney pie; and by the time that cheese and celery were produced he had got through the best part of a decanter of old Madeira. He had been growing more and more silent, however, as the repast proceeded; and when all rose from table, he said he would retire to his own room and lie down for a while, as he found that a nap after lunch had a soothing effect on his nervous system.

And here were mother and son with this strange young lady left on their hands. But the strange young lady was in no wise disconcerted.

"Well, cousin," she said, gayly, as she turned to Mr. Richard, "are you coming to show me over the curiosities of Stratford? I suppose I may call myself an English woman; and an English woman ought to know something of Stratford-on-Avon. How far is it into the town?"

"A little over a couple of miles," said he; "but I will drive you in, if you like?"

"Oh, thanks; that will be capital," said she. "You can tell me when the carriage is ready; I shall be in the drawing-room with Aunt Cecilia." And therewith she quite naturally and affectionately put her hand within the widow's arm and led her away with her.

In less than half an hour thereafter Mr. Richard found himself seated next this light-hearted cousin of his, who had begged him to give her the reins. It was a pleasant afternoon; the snow had altogether disappeared from the country-side now; there were mild airs blowing, and a touch of sunlight here and there; a feeling of spring was abroad.

"I'm awfully fond of driving," said she; "and driving through an English landscape in the spring-time—what can be better than that?"

"I'll have the pony-chaise brought round for you every morning, if you like, Miss Kingston," he remarked.

"Miss Kingston!" she exclaimed, with an audacious smile. "Well, well! Why, my name is Floss; and I am your cousin; can't you put these two together, and give me a nicer name than Miss Kingston? I am going to call you Cousin Dick. You see," she continued, giving the reins a shake to wake up the old pony, "girls are subjected to such formalities and conventionalisms in ordinarily talking to gentlemen that, where there is a chance of a little familiarity, it is quite delightful. Cousin Dick sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"Y—yes," said he: he was thinking of poor little Nanciebel, and her shy ways; and he was hoping that Kate Marlow might not see him and this dashing cousin of his, if they had occasion to drive along the High Street.

When they got into Stratford, however, he put up the horse and trap at the stables belonging to a hotel where he was known; and thereafter they continued their peregrinations on foot. But first of all Cousin Floss paused at a milliner's window, and looked in.

"Will you wait for me," said she, "or come in and sit down? I'm going to buy some little things for your mother, to break up the unrelieved black of her mourning. Why, it isn't at all called for; and it is the greater pity in her case, for she is comparatively a young woman, and very nice-looking, and why should she wear nothing but black? Of course a widow will protest, and may even think you cruel; but you have only to talk a little common-sense, and be firm, and you'll see if I don't get something that will improve Aunt Cecilia's appearance."

She made her purchases, and sent them to the hotel; then he took her along to New Place and showed her the site of Shakespeare's house: and again he conducted her to the church, to the shrine which so many pilgrims from all parts of the world have visited. She betrayed the most lively interest in everything he showed her, and talked with an unfailing cheerfulness and frankness. At first, in fact, on setting out with this newly found cousin, he had been rather taken aback; her matter-of-fact audacity had somewhat disconcerted him; but now he had grown familiar with her fashion of addressing him just as if he were her elder brother.

As they were driving home, she said in her airy fashion, "How do you spend the evenings, Cousin Dick?"

"After dinner, you mean?" he said. "Oh, well, the Mater is always happy enough if she has a volume of Tennyson, and I wander about outside with a cigarette."

"You haven't a billiard-room?"

"No."

"Papa must see that there is a billiard-room in the house he takes in London," continued Miss Florence, with decision. "Gentlemen are too valuable creatures of an evening to be allowed to go away by themselves to smoke. And I'm very fond of smoke."

"Perhaps you have tried a cigarette yourself?" he asked, with a dash of impertinence.

"I?" she answered, carelessly. "Oh no. But I can play billiards a little; and I don't care how smoky the atmosphere is. By-the-way, Cousin Dick, are you a good waltzer?"

"I don't know—middling, I suppose," was his reply.

"That means you are a capital waltzer," she said, with much satisfaction, "and I'm delighted to hear it. A cousin who is a good waltzer must be simply invaluable; and when we get our London house I shall rely on you to save me from bad partners—an awful lot can be done by skilful connivance. One of these evenings at Woodend we'll clear the drawing-room and have a turn, to see if our steps correspond; and, being my cousin, you know, you won't be afraid to catch hold of me—that is the worst of a bad partner—a stranger—who seems to think you're made of glass, and will break if he touches you. I like to feel that my partner has a good grip, and knows where he is going."

When they reached home they found that tea had just been brought in to the widow's little boudoir; and through the window they could see that Uncle Alexander was pacing up and down the longest path in the garden outside—walking with a quick little shuffling step, his head bent forward, his arms swinging at his side.

"Shall I go and call your papa, Cousin Floss?" said Mr. Richard, bravely tackling her newly assumed style and title.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "He'll come in when he has done the regulation quantity. I have no doubt he has carefully measured out the forty-four yards; and forty times makes a mile, you know; but if you interrupt him he loses count, and has to begin the mile all over again—and that makes him cross, naturally. Poor papa!—he used to be so put out on board ship—he never could get a stretch of the upper deck left undisturbed for him; as soon as he began, one of the officers would be sure to order up the Lascars to do something or other, or else some of the passengers would come and take possession with rope-quoits or shovel-board. I hope our London house will be in a square, where papa will be able to get a measured space without being overlooked."

But when Uncle Alexander came in it was not to tea. He was groaning and complaining; he hardly knew which of his ailments demanded most immediate attention, whether it was the headache that lay across his brow like an iron clamp, or the heart-burn that gnawed in his bosom like some internal rat, or the sickness and lassitude that seemed pulling him generally to the ground. Well, he attacked the heart-burn first—with bicarbonate of soda. That proving of no avail, he had a thin slice of bread and butter thickly spread with cayenne-pepper; and having bolted that bolus, he washed it down with a good stiff glass of brown brandy and water. Whether the heart-burn disappeared or not, he seemed at least to recover a little from the hopeless depression that had been hanging over him; and he could now talk without a succession of melancholy sighs.

He was going up to town next morning, he said. Would it be convenient for Aunt Cecilia to have Florence remain with her for a week or ten days, until he had seen to his business affairs in London? The widow replied that she would be most delighted—she had already cast favoring eyes on this frank-spirited girl. Thereafter, again asked Uncle Alexander, would Aunt Cecilia and Richard come up to town and be his guests for a week or two at the private hotel he was staying at in Arlington Street? Florence wanted some one to show her about London; he would be glad to have Aunt Cecilia's advice about the choice of a house. The little widow hesitated. The whirl of town life was not much to her liking; she had grown accustomed to this peaceful, secluded existence. But here Miss Florence struck in, and declared that she would only remain at Woodend on the understanding that Aunt Cecilia and Cousin Dick should go to London with her at the end of her stay; and that settled the matter. The arrangement was finally made, and Uncle Alexander returned to the garden, to the measured forty-four yards that was to assist the action of the cayenne-pepper and brandy.

So it came about that Florence Kingston was established at Woodend, where she speedily made herself felt as anything but a dull and depressing influence. The irresistible cheerfulness, the kindliness, the good-humor of the girl acted as a kind of charm upon the solitary little widow, who thawed and warmed into smiles in the sunshine of this constant companionship. For it was not at all upon Mr. Richard that Cousin Floss bestowed her attentions. Indeed, she treated that young man in somewhat of a cavalier spirit; it was the gentle mother whom she petted, and teased, and spoiled, and laughed at, all at once.

"I declare, Richard," said the widow, on one occasion when Cousin Floss had just left the room, "when that girl goes out it is just as if a hurricane had passed by, leaving a sudden calm behind it."

"And yet you don't seem to dislike her, Mater," he observed.

"Dislike her? No. Sometimes I think I am getting too fond of her," the widow said, with a sigh; perhaps she was thinking of what might have been.

Then came the evening on which the great waltzing experiment was to be tried. As well as they could they cleared the tables and chairs from the larger drawing-room; and Mrs. Kingston was asked to officiate at the piano. How long was it since the widow had played a waltz, or any other species of musical composition, for the matter of that? Nevertheless, she could refuse this headstrong girl nothing; so presently she was strumming away at some fine old-fashioned tune, while the young people were gliding round the cleared space to the tinkle-tankle of the venerable instrument.

When they stopped, Miss Florence was good enough to say: "You do very well, Cousin Dick. Oh yes; you and I will have a little practice every evening, and we'll get into each other's ways perfectly. I like you're reversing; you're not afraid to catch hold. And then I shall rely on you in London, mind. Whenever I want to get rid of a bore or a bad dancer, I shall claim you. You must be at my beck and call. It's wonderful what tricks you can play with a programme when you have an accomplice; and when the accomplice is your cousin, it's all right, don't you see?"

But the opportunities for bringing this dark conspiracy into operation were as yet afar off, for when Mrs. Kingston and Mr. Richard eventually went up to London with Cousin Floss, the whole party found themselves in a private hotel, Uncle Alexander not yet having provided himself with a house. And meanwhile, as the retired China merchant was still being called upon to go into the city on businesss matters, the introducing of Miss Florence to the ways and customs of the town, and to its outward features as well, fell upon these two Warwickshire folk, who were almost as much strangers as herself. That, however, did not matter much to Mr. Richard, who had the arrangement of their little excursions, and rather liked going about with this pretty and vivacious cousin. Then there were concerts and theatres for an occasional afternoon or evening. Hardly a day seemed long enough. The widow grew quite cheerful through her constant association with this bright and bold young life that was showing all its pleasant characteristics in these varied scenes; Mr. Richard had never seen her look so well or so happy; and she was content (if with a smile of doleful resignation) to wear whatever Miss Florence imperiously insisted on her wearing.

Amid all this whirl of amusement and enjoyment Mr. Richard suddenly remembered that the day appointed for his first visit to Bristol was drawing near; and perhaps he had an uneasy consciousness that he had been somewhat neglectful of poor little Nanciebel. He had not written to her literally every morning, for life in London was a desperately busy thing, and sometimes his budget of news for the week was a somewhat perfunctory affair. However, that would all be put right now. Letter-writing was an ineffective thing at the best. When he was once more face to face with his sweetheart—her tender eyes looking into his—she would know that he had been true to her in absence. And would they not both congratulate each other that the first two months of that cruel separation were now over?

When Cousin Floss heard that he was going down to Bristol on the following Monday she was indignant.

"What for?" she demanded, in her straightforward way.

"I have an appointment that I must keep," said he.

"Why, it is Monday night we were going to see *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum; papa got the box a fortnight ago. And you know your mother and I just hate going anywhere by ourselves. How far away is Bristol? Can't you come back in time to take us to the theatre?"

Well, the truth is he had intended staying the night at Holiwell Vicarage, in order to have a long evening with Nanciebel; but then, on the other hand, both his mother and cousin looked so naturally to him for escort and guidance that he was almost bound to return and take them to the Lyceum as they wished. There was an afternoon train leaving Bristol which would bring him to Paddington at 6.30; that would just give him time to get to the hotel, snatch a bit of dinner, and dress. So he told Cousin Floss that she should not be balked of *The Winter's Tale* on his account.

He left London on the Monday morning by the 9 o'clock express, and reached Bristol at 12. During the journey down he had been possessed not so much with joy at the prospect of meeting Nanciebel as with a half-confessed fear that she might begin to cross-examine him, and be petulant, and cause trouble. He was conscious that the sorrow of separation had not fallen equally on him and her; he had had distractions, about which the less said the better. And when, on arriving at Holiwell Vicarage, and being ushered into the drawing-room, he found that along with Nanciebel there were his two cousins and also the governess, perhaps he was somewhat relieved. Yet Nanciebel looked so gentle, and so pleased at his coming too. She regarded him covertly with her dark soft eyes, and a mantling blush suffused her cheek when he made bold to address a word or two to her direct. "Mr. Kingston," she called him before the vicar's daughters and the governess. There was something odd and unexpected about the way she wore her hair now—and about her dress too—that did not escape his notice. She seemed to have undergone some kind of transformation, though he could not define it exactly; she was hardly the same Nanciebel who used to walk up and down the little court-yard with him, crisp snow underfoot, and shining and throbbing stars overhead.

Luncheon-bell rang, and the vicar appeared at the same time; in a minute or two they were all assembled at table in the dining-room. And Uncle Charles was full of questions about his brother-in-law Alexander and his plans, and also about his niece, or quasi-niece, Florence, whom he had never seen. On this latter point Mr. Richard was frankly talkative, not to say effusive, and Nanciebel, on the other side of the table, listened in silence. A stranger might have fancied that she and this handsome young man had now met for the first time, and that the quiet little country girl was rather impressed by his stories of the fine doings in London town.

After luncheon the various members of the small household discreetly went their several ways, leaving Mr. Richard and his sweetheart by themselves. But still there were servants about, so Nanciebel said, shyly, "Will you come into the garden, Richard?"

"Anywhere you like, Nancy," he answered, and he followed her through the open French window and down the wide stone steps. It was a large, old-fashioned garden, and there were walls of yew intersecting it.

"I am so glad to see you again, Richard," she said, with downcast eyes (she did not dare to take his arm, for there might be a spectator at one or other of the windows).

"And I am glad to find you looking so well," said he. "I was sure you would find my uncle and my cousins as kind as you could wish. I saw that from the first in your letters, though you weren't quite—quite as—as outspoken as you might have been."

"Were you disappointed, Richard?" she said, humbly. "But you don't know, dear, how lonely I have been since I came here. Yes, they are very kind; but kindness isn't everything," she continued, with a bit of a sigh. "When I think of those days at Stratford—ah, that was different!"

"Yes, I know, Nanciebel," he said. "But you can't expect everything. I know you are very warm-hearted, and you like to have people say nice things to you, and be good to you, and pet you. But that can't be always and everywhere, and I don't think you are so badly off."

"It's all very well for you to say so," said Nanciebel, with some rebellious spirit, "when you are having every possible enjoyment and amusement along with that cousin of yours. Of course *you* don't feel dull. Of course *you* don't feel lonely."

"Well," said he, sharply, "I don't pine and fret if there is no one by to say pretty things and give me caresses."

"I dare say she would if you asked her," said Nanciebel, with a toss of her head.

He drew in his breath, but stopped ere any word of anger could escape. No; he had not come down here to quarrel with Nancy. And, after all, might there not be some little justification? Had he quite realized her loneliness? Had he honestly contrasted it with the gay time he had been spending in London?

"We needn't fall out, Nanciebel," said he, slowly. "I have only a short time to stay."

"A short time to stay?" she repeated. "Why, when are you going back?"

"By the 3.42," he made answer.

There was a momentary silence.

"Richard," said she, "here is the time come we have been looking forward to so long—at least, that I have been looking forward to—and you take advantage of it to the extent of a couple of hours. Are you sure it wasn't a mere sense of duty that brought you here at all? Perhaps you didn't want to come?"

"Perhaps I didn't want to come!" he said, impatiently. And then he controlled himself, and said, in quite an altered tone: "Oh, stuff and nonsense, Nanciebel! Why will you insist on quarrelling, you little quick-tempered, warm-hearted stupid? Come, kiss and be friends."

They were at the moment passing through an arched opening cut in the thick wall of yew, and she obediently paused, and did as she was bid. The reconciliation was complete. She took him to see Mr. Stapleton's greenhouses, and introduced him to the head gardener—a young Scotchman of eight-and-twenty or so, who, as she afterward informed him, was prodigiously clever, had attended classes at Glasgow University, though he was then quite poor, and was now so recognized a master of his art that he had been offered the equivalent of his present situation at Beever Towers, the seat of the Duke of Grandon. She led him round to show him the caged eagles and the white peacocks and what not; indeed, she seemed just as much at home here at Holiwell Court as at the adjoining vicarage. Then she pointed out that if he must really go by the 3.42 train, it was about time for him to return indoors.

Both his cousins and Nanciebel drove with him into the town to see him off. The parting between him and Nancy was necessarily not effusive, for Gertrude and Laura were looking on, and they were merry and talkative girls, who would hardly leave him alone for a second. Nor were there tears in Nanciebel's eyes as the train moved away from the station, and as she waved her handkerchief to him in final adieu. In fact, this leave-taking was far different from that which had occurred when Nanciebel bade good-by to Stratford. But was it not better that it should be so, he asked himself, as he sat alone in the carriage and was being rapidly whirled away toward London. Nancy seemed more satisfied with this separation now—if at times she complained that there was no one to be good to her. And meanwhile—meanwhile he would get to Arlington Street in time to slip into evening dress and take his mother and Cousin Floss to the Lyceum.

CHAPTER V.

FLIGHT.

On that same afternoon Uncle Alexander came home from the city, and finding his step-daughter and Mrs. Kingston together, he, without any apology—for rudeness is a prerogative of dyspepsia—ordered Miss Florence to go to her own room; he had something particular to say to Aunt Cecilia. He sat down by the fire and stared into the coals. He seemed more sallow and sluggish than ever, and when he spoke, it was in slow and mournful tones.

"I do not know how long I am for this world, Cecilia," he observed. "Every day I become more depressed. I cannot shake it off. I have lost hope. I hardly care how soon the end may be."

"Perhaps London does not agree with you," the widow said, with gentle sympathy. "Why should you not try travelling, Uncle Alexander—on the Continent?"

"Try travelling!" he exclaimed, in sudden and angry impatience. "God bless my soul, haven't I tried travelling sufficiently? Haven't I just come home from China? Would you like me to go back to Shanghai for a change? I wish you would listen, and not interrupt with fatuities; how long do I know I may be able to make my wishes known?" And then he continued in more business-like tones: "Now this is what I want to say—that in view of what may happen to me at any time I wish to make the best provision I can for those I leave behind—those I am most interested in. Florence has the first claim, of course, though she is not of my blood. Richard, on the other hand, is of my own kith and kin. Very well; when I have made certain smaller bequests, the bulk of my property will remain to be divided as between these two."

"It is so generous of you, Uncle Alexander!" the widow broke in. "But surely there is no occasion for you to talk like that? Surely not! Why, I should call you an exceptionally strong man."

"I wish you to listen, if you please, Cecilia," observed the dyspeptic, with a dignity natural to one who was speaking of his own nearly approaching end. "I was going to say that there might be some difficulty in deciding what relative portion should be assigned to either of these two, but that what has been happening of late seems to point to an easy way out of the difficulty. You must have noticed how capitally these two get on together—how fond they seem of each other's society. Ah, well," he continued, with a heavy sigh, "youth is a fine thing, and health, and absence from care—let them enjoy them while they can."

But sudden consternation had filled the heart of the little widow; she knew what he meant; and she found herself on the brink of a confession which she had put off from day to day, vainly hoping that the need of it would not arise.

"Oh yes, Uncle Alexander," she observed, rather breathlessly. "I am glad to see them such good friends. It is but right they should be so—almost of an age—and cousins—it is only to be expected—"

"I should like to see them married before I go," continued the invalid, absently. "Or, if that is denied me, I should like to know that that settlement of their lives was to take place, and I could make provision for them in proper form."

"Uncle Alexander," said the widow, with her trembling fingers nervously clasped together, "it is most kind and generous of you to have such intentions in view. But—but I think—I must explain—as regards Richard, what you propose is impossible. I have said that I am delighted to see him and his cousin on such friendly terms, but—but that is all there is between them."

"Oh yes; I understand," Uncle Alexander said, impatiently. "I understand. Of course nothing has been declared between them. That is quite right. There has not been a sufficient length of time. But we who are outsiders and spectators can see clearly enough what will happen."

"Oh, Uncle Alexander," she exclaimed, in her distress, "it never can happen!"

He stared at her.

"What do you mean, Cecilia?" he demanded.

"Richard is—is already engaged to be married," she blurted out.

There was no explosion of wrath; he only continued to stare at her, as if she were an imbecile, whose utterances were wholly unintelligible.

"But—but—what was that?—impossible?—what did you say? Richard engaged to be married?" he repeated, with non-understanding eyes.

The ordeal had to be faced. She began, and with piteous excuses for not having made the revelation before, she told him the whole story. Uncle Alexander sat and listened—dumfounded beyond the power of speech. A sort of despair and resignation overwhelmed him. And when she had finished he could only ejaculate:

"Well, well, if any human being ever heard of such a gigantic piece of tomfoolery!"

But presently he said, with a blaze of anger: "Why, don't you know that every young idiot gets into a scrape like that, and that it is the business of his relatives—unless they're fools—unless they're fools!—to get him out of it? Don't you know it's as common as shelling pease? You talk to me as if it was a piece of romantic sentiment—Miller's Daughter be hanged!—and that the young idiot should rather be praised for holding to the girl! I tell you it happens every day, and will happen every day as long as idle lads are allowed to dawdle about, and there are shop-girls and milliner girls and bar-maids to make eyes at them. And instead of getting him out of the scrape, you treat the whole thing as serious! Gracious heavens! But I must put this matter right. What's the girl's name? How much does she want? What size of a check has she got in her eye?"

Mrs. Kingston flushed a little. "I wish you to understand, Uncle Alexander," said she, with unusual firmness, "that the girl is a good and honest girl, and not a designing adventuress at all—that I am convinced of; and I do not see why she should be insulted simply because of her station in life, which is perfectly respectable and honorable, if it comes to that."

"Stuff and fiddle-sticks!" cried Uncle Alexander. Indeed this sharp crisis in the family affairs seemed to have suddenly banished all that languor and depression which, according to his own account, were dragging him down to the tomb. "You're too fond of romance and poetry, Cecilia; and that's the fact. You want a little common-sense to come in to put matters straight. Where is the girl?"

"At Holiwell Vicarage," Mrs. Kingston answered. "Uncle Charles is taking charge of her for the present."

The China merchant stared at her again. "No," said he, solemnly—"no, Cecilia, you cannot mean that there are three such fools in the family! Two I could have borne with—but three! Uncle Charles as well! Upon my soul, it's beyond belief!"

But the meanest worm will turn.

"I wish to say this once for all, Uncle Alexander," observed the little widow, with very considerable dignity, "that I hope you will not speak to Richard as you have done to me this afternoon. His temper is not so much under control as mine; he would probably answer you in your own language. Propose to him that the girl he is engaged to should be offered a sum of money, and I know one certain consequence—he would never darken your door again, nor would you or yours ever enter our house. As for my share in this matter, I am not ashamed of it. I have done what I thought was right. Richard's word is pledged to a good and honorable girl; and if he is my son, he will not disgrace himself—I say, disgrace himself—by seeking to break that bond, whatever pecuniary and mercenary inducements may be placed before him."

She rose as if to leave the room.

"Come!" he said, to stay her.

"No," she made answer; "let that be the last word. I wish for peace betweeen the two families. There will be no peace—there will be a lasting rupture and estrangement—if you propose that Richard should do anything dishonorable, merely because you have had certain plans in view. I do not say that in other circumstances I might not have wished as you wish; but as matters stand I hope my son will act as becomes the name he bears. And another thing, Uncle Alexander, neither he nor Florence need know that a word has passed between us on the subject. They are very good friends, and nothing more; let them remain such—if you choose it to be so. If not, then my boy and I can return to Woodend at once, and we shall not trouble you again."

She did not wait for an answer. She forthwith quitted the room, leaving Uncle Alexander entirely out-talked and astonished. He had not anticipated this display of firmness—this bold upstanding of what he considered idiotic sentiment against the rude and doughty onslaughts of common-sense. And when he began to consider matters, he had to confess that perhaps he had been a little premature. That this shop-girl could be bought off he was convinced; but he had erred in making the proposition too suddenly to the widow. Then, again, he would have a better right to interfere when the relationship between Richard and Florence had become developed—in the obvious and proper direction, of course. What! Richard marry a penniless little sempstress in Stratford-on-Avon—a shy, speechless nonentity, as the widow had half admitted—when here was his bright and fascinating cousin, an heiress gifted with every qualification, a fit helpmeet—one who would do him honor in society? Uncle Alexander, seated by the slumbering fire, was so intent upon these various schemes and considerations that he forgot he had allowed a whole hour to elapse since he had examined his tongue in the mirror, and during that hour he had kept his daughter Florence a prisoner upstairs; and when eventually he went away to his own room to seek safety and consolation in his medicine chest, he was still of opinion that the widow's Quixotic ideas of duty, and her son's chivalrous resolves with regard to that wretched little milliner girl—was she a milliner girl? he had forgotten—would in time be overcome. For great is the power of common-sense.

Accordingly, Uncle Alexander did not return to this project; and as the widow heard no more of it, she, in her turn, was silent, so that the two cousins were thrown into association just as heretofore, ignorant of the dark schemes and designs which had been foreshadowed with regard to their future. And the better to secure his sinister end, Uncle Alexander declared that for the present he was going to abandon his intention of taking and fitting out a London house: it was too much trouble. He did not know but that, if his health continued to grow worse, he and Florence might not go away to one of the German baths, so that he might try a course of the waters. In the mean time he discovered a furnished residence in Melbury Road which would serve their needs. And could not the widow postpone her return to Woodend for a while, so as to initiate Florence into her duties as house-mistress? When Florence preferred the same request—or rather imperiously insisted, with all kinds of direful threats and cunning coaxings—Mrs. Kingston yielded; she could refuse nothing to this wild-spirited Cousin Floss.

It was hardly fair to put any young man's constancy to such a perilous test; but Mr. Richard, even while giving himself up to the full enjoyment of the society of this charming cousin, could always still his conscience and reassure himself by writing a more than usually affectionate letter to Nanciebel. And why should he send a too minute account of their gay doings when he knew that that would only wound the poor faithful heart? Nancy had already betrayed a suspicious curiosity about the Florence whom he briefly mentioned from time to time, and had even begun to demand explanations.

"Why, you see, Nanciebel," he wrote in reply, "my uncle and his step-daughter know very few people in London as yet; and as he is a good deal in the City, the time would hang very heavily on her hands if the Mater did not take her about a little. Then, of course, I have to accompany these two. I could not let them wander about London all by themselves; but do you think it is any pleasure to *me* to go to the Tower or to the South Kensington Museum? And then, again, when any people send them an invitation, the Mater and I are sure to be included, as it is known we are staying with them; and it is but natural that in a strange house, if there is any dancing or anything going on, Florence should count upon me, as her cousin. I don't see how you can object; but you have such a tendency to magnify trifles! When I express regret over our engagement, or ask you to release me, then you will have a right to complain; but in the mean time you needn't grumble about nothing."

"Nanciebel's answer to this was written in a dozen different moods; by turns she was indignant, rebellious, petulant, and piteously imploring.

"What is the use of keeping me here?" she asked—"what is the use of it? Did you see any difference in me when you came down that day—except in the dressing of my hair? And did you think it an improvement—an improvement worth all this loneliness and misery? *Once* you would have said that my hair could not be improved; *once* you would have declared it was the prettiest in the world; but that was long ago—that was before your cousin Florence came to England. I know you will be in a rage because I talk of misery; and you will accuse me of ingratitude, and ask what more I want. Well, I needn't attempt to tell you, for you wouldn't understand; but I can remember the time when you were more in sympathy with my feelings, and when there was no fear of my being misunderstood. *Once* you would not have left me to pine like this; you would not have yielded to relatives; you were ready to do *anything* for my sake. But I suppose it's the way of the world; and *you*, of course, can't regret an absence that brings you so much—and such charming—consolation.

"Now, Richard dear, don't—*don't* be angry with me. I hardly know what I have written; I only know that I just hate being alone. Oh, for the happy mornings and afternoons when I could sit and listen at every footstep on the pavement outside, and think that any moment my Richard might come in! You did not want me improved *then*. I suppose you never think now of the Bideford Road, and the lane leading down to Shottery, and the meadows. It seems a long time ago now to poor me. I sit and think that never, never again there will be the long still beautiful evenings, and us two on the banks of the Avon, seated beneath the bushes, and watching the boys fishing on the other side, under the Weir Brake. Those were happy, happy days! Will they ever come again, Richard dear? Do say something kind to me when you write. I don't mean the kindness I get from the vicar and his daughters, but *real* kindness, for I am so lonely and miserable!"

Now this appeal, couched in its artless language, made Mr. Richard not a little remorseful; and his contrition suddenly assumed the shape of a resolve to go to Cousin Floss and tell her all about his engagement to Nanciebel. He did not stay to ask why that should be considered as making amends to Nancy; he only felt that he was somehow called upon to tell the whole truth; then Florence could think of him as she pleased. Was it not due to poor Nanciebel? Why should she be ignored amid all these gayeties and distractions? She had her rights. And she had not been too exacting; her last letter had been piteous rather than petulant and quarrelsome.

But this proved to be a terrible business. He chose an opportunity when Cousin Floss had gone out into the garden to have a look at the spring blossoms, or perchance to survey with feminine curiosity the backs of the artists' houses across the low brick walls. When he overtook her, she was apparently busy with snow-drops and primroses and daffodils, and she was so good-natured as to pick for him a purple crocus, and even to fix it into the lapel of his coat. How could he refuse this simple kindness? He was not a boor. Nevertheless, in about twenty minutes or so, he and she and the little widow were to set out for the private view of a certain picture-gallery, where they would most likely meet such people as they knew, and he would be wearing Cousin Floss's flower in his button-hole. Was he going about with her, then, under false pretences? The confession had become all the more imperative.

But how was he to begin?

"Cousin," said he, with a most unusual hesitation—for, under her skilful tuition, he had come to address her in the most frank and open and unconventional manner—"did my mother ever speak to you—about—about—a Miss Marlow?"

She noticed his embarrassment instantly.

"Why, no," she said, in some surprise. "Miss Marlow? No; I don't think I ever heard the name. Who is she?"

How could he explain? He wished that Cousin Floss had not such clear eyes, and a mouth so ready to smile.

"At present," he went on, in rather a stammering fashion, "she—she is living with my uncle Charles at Bristol—at the vicarage, near Bristol."

Cousin Floss laughed.

"The governess?" she said.

"No, no; but I have something to tell you about her. I think I ought to tell you—for sooner or later you will hear of it," he continued; and he was blushing like a school-girl, because Cousin Floss was evidently amused by his timidity. "I thought the Mater would have told you—"

All of a sudden Miss Florence put her hand within his arm in the most friendly way, and thereby intimated that she wished him to pace up and down the garden path with her.

"Cousin Dick!" she protested, "I won't hear a word! I know what you've got to tell me, and I can see how it vexes you—but I will spare you the confession. Oh, don't I know what dreadful flirts young men are—don't I know!—but they can't help it, the poor dears, and I am always ready to forgive them—because—because—well, because there are sometimes girls wicked enough to lead them on, and pretend they enjoy it, too! Cousin Dick, why should you tell me?—do you think it would be news?"

"Oh, but you're quite mistaken, Florence!" he exclaimed. "Quite mistaken! I assure you she is not the kind of girl to amuse herself in that way at all."

"Oh, a simple innocent, is she?" said Cousin Floss, with another little bit of a laugh. "Yes, they sometimes look like that—sometimes it is part of the game—with the clever ones."

"Oh, but really—"

"Oh, but really," she repeated, with the most obvious good-nature, "I won't hear another word! I won't, indeed, Cousin Dick! Do you think I don't understand? You see, my dear cousin, a girl who has lived a good part of her life in India, and a still longer time in China, and knows what a voyage in a P. and O. ship is like—well, she isn't quite a baby, you know—not *quite* a baby—and if you were to begin with your confessions I might have to begin with mine, and wouldn't that be mutually awkward? I wish you had seen a young aide-de-camp, a Captain Webster, who came on board, this last trip, at Aden, and remained with us as far as Suez. He was a *dear*—and that's a fact; but papa didn't seem to see much in him—papas never do see anything in young men who have a pretty mustache but no income to speak of. So, you understand, cousin, I might have a story or two to tell as well as you, and I shouldn't like it, for blushing doesn't become me; besides, it is far safer and nicer for every one to let by-gones be by-gones. No, you needn't interrupt, Cousin Dick; I won't hear another word from you—not a word; we will both let by-gones be by-gones. I tell you it's safer."

And as Mrs. Kingston appeared at this moment at the French window, and called to them, what could he do? He gave up the hope of explaining to his cousin. He went to the Private View, wearing the flower she had given him. And if any one drew inferences from his being constantly seen with her—well, how could he help that?

In due course of time the visit of Mrs. Kingston and her son to their London relatives came to an end, and they returned to their Warwickshire home. But they very soon discovered that a singular change had come over the house. Woodend was solitary as they had never known it to be in former days. There was something wanting in these silent rooms: a voice, with clear laughter ringing in its tones, and joy, and audacity, was now heard no more in the hall; the garden, though all the splendors of the spring were beginning to declare themselves in plot and bed and border, seemed empty now.

"I could not have believed I should have missed her so much," the widow said, sadly.

And as for Mr. Richard, he was ill at ease. His thoughts, which he knew should have been turned toward Bristol, went in quite another direction, and would hover, in spite of himself, about Kensington and the neighborhood of Holland Park. Poor Nanciebel's fortnightly letters to himself were not looked for half so eagerly as Cousin Floss's hasty scrawls sent down to her dear aunt Cecilia; and Mr. Richard would lie in wait for these, and whenever he found one on the hall table, he would at once carry it to his mother with the seemingly careless question, "What has Florence to say now, Mater?" For, indeed, Cousin Floss seemed to find a great many things to say to the widow. She was continually writing on some kind of excuse, and she invariably wound up with pretty and affectionate speeches and hopes of a speedy reunion. Cousin Floss did not write to Mr. Richard, of course—that was too much to expect—but in one way or another his name generally came to be mentioned, and sometimes there were tantalizing and even impertinent messages for him.

"Who is this Captain Webster, Richard dear?" the widow asked on one occasion.

Mr. Richard blushed angrily. "Oh, he's some young idiot—aide-de-camp to a Colonial governor or something of that kind!"

"But why should Florence send you this message about him?" Mrs. Kingston asked again.

"Oh, well," said he, with a fine air of assumed indifference, "Florence told me something about him before. He was on board the steamer they came home in, and as he left the ship at Gibraltar, I suppose she was surprised when she found him turn up in London."

Meanwhile the continual unrest and down-heartedness that had characterized his manner ever since their return to Woodend had not escaped the anxious mother's eyes, and one evening she made bold to speak of it.

"Well, Mater," said he, "I don't know what it is, except that I feel I am in a wrong position altogether. I am tired of doing nothing. I want to go away. Look at Nancy; the separation that was agreed upon tells more hardly on her than on me, for she is kept apart from her friends and relatives, while I live on just as before. It's hardly fair. I think I should go away from England for a time—for a considerable time, until indeed this period of separation ends—and then I could come back and marry Nancy, and everything would be settled and right. I am sure, if once the wedding took place, all would be well."

"I suppose," said the widow, absently, "that my selfishness must be punished in the end. It was I who have kept you in idleness, Richard, and now you fret, and want to go. I should have thought you could have found some way of passing the few months that must elapse now before the settlement you speak of. And if you find the house so dull—well, I had not intended to tell you; it was a little surprise we had arranged—but Florence is coming down to stay with us for a while."

"Is Florence coming down here?" he asked, slowly, and with a strange expression of face.

Something peculiar in his tone struck her. She looked up as she said, "Yes. It was to be a little surprise for you."

"Mother," he said, hastily, "I will not be in this house when Florence comes. You must make some excuse for me. I will go abroad; or I will go down to Bristol—and live in the town—and only see Nancy from time to time. But I—I don't want to be here when Florence comes."

The truth flashed upon her in an instant; but, amidst all her alarm and bewilderment, she had the courage to say, in a low voice:

"You are right, Richard. If it is as I suspect—ah, well, there is no use thinking now of what might have been—you must none the less do what is right. It was thoughtless of me to ask Florence to come down again—but how could any one help loving her?—she is such a dear girl, so bright and clever and good-tempered—but you, Richard, your honor is at stake. Of course you have said nothing to her?"

"To Florence?—certainly not, mother. How could I? But there is not another word to be said. You must make some excuse for me to Florence; and I must go."

No, there was no use saying anything further; but the widow could not help adding, almost in an undertone, and wistfully:

"If things could only have been different, Richard! I cannot help thinking that Florence—well, she has always seemed so much interested in you—and she would always talk so much about you, when she and I were alone together—and you yourself see how you are never out of her letters—ah, well, it is no use thinking of what is impossible—but if you had been free, and if you had gone to your cousin, I don't think you need have feared her answer."

He turned very pale.

"Don't say that; you have no right to say that, mother!"

"It is but a guess on my part," she said, sadly. "But I can imagine what her answer would have been. And then to think of her in this house—as my daughter and companion—so cheerful and self-reliant—so merry and good-humored—"

"Mother," said he, almost reproachfully, "you seem to forget!"

"No, I don't forget," she answered, with resignation, "I was thinking of what might have been; but I don't forget. And you are doing right, Richard. I will make excuses to Florence for you, whether you go abroad or down to Bristol. I suppose she will not suspect—no, she cannot suspect, if you have said nothing to her."

Nor was this the only act of renunciation on Mr. Richard's part. Just at this time he had to go up to London for a few days to transact some business with his mother's lawyers; but he did not apprise his uncle and cousin of his coming to town, nor did he once call at the house in Melbury Road. It is true that, during these few days, he found his way a number of times to that neighborhood, and on more than one occasion he caught a glimpse of Cousin Floss, as she drove up in the barouche, or came out walking with her maid. He knew he had no right to do this thing, but he regarded it as a sort of bidding good-by to a broken fancy—an impossible dream. To whom could it do any harm?

By the time Cousin Floss's visit drew near, Mr. Richard had made all his preparations. He was going down to Bristol. He argued with himself that being constantly in the same neighborhood with Nanciebel would keep alive in his recollection what was due to her, and moreover he considered that in the circumstances he might fairly ask for some modification of the arrangements that had been arrived at in family conclave with regard to his visits. Might he not see Nanciebel once a week, or perhaps even twice a week, for a single hour? Both he and she had hitherto loyally obeyed the conditions that had been imposed; might not these be relaxed a little now? It was not as a punishment, but as a test, that this separation had been agreed upon; and here were the two of them, after the lapse of considerable time, of the same mind. Mr. Richard endeavored to extract courage and hope for the future from these wise and virtuous reflections; but it was with rather a heavy heart that he drove away to the station on the day previous to Cousin Floss's arrival.

Cousin Floss, when she stepped out of the pony chaise on the following afternoon, and found the widow awaiting her in the porch, was in the highest spirits, and her always bright enough eyes fairly shone with gladness.

"Do you know, Aunt Cecilia," said she, as she hugged and kissed the little woman, "it is just like getting home again to see your dear face once more? When I saw Thomas and the pony and the carriage at the station, I said to myself, 'Ah, now you will soon be among old friends!'"

"Come away in, dear," said the widow, quite as affectionately, and she took the girl by the arm and led her into the house. "I declare it does my heart good to hear your voice again."

"And papa is so sorry he couldn't come with me this time," continued this blithe young damsel, who looked all round the drawing-room as if expecting to see some one; "but the fact is he has found himself a good deal better of late, and he thinks it is because the Kensington neighborhood suits him, and he likes the house. The garden is just about forty yards long, so twenty-two times up and down makes an easily measured half-mile, and he can get his regulation quantity done every day without being overlooked by anybody. I think he will keep on that house. He hasn't been looking about for any other. But—but, Aunt Cecilia," continued Miss Florence, again glancing back into the hall, "where is Cousin Dick?"

Only for the moment did the widow seem a little embarrassed.

"He has had to go away, dear," she said, striving to appear quite placid and unconcerned. "He was so very sorry. I was to tell you how sorry he was. Nothing but the most absolute necessity compelled him, you may be sure of that."

"He has gone away?" said Cousin Floss, in return, with a kind of puzzled, uncertain look. "Where has he gone, Aunt Cecilia?"

"To Bristol, dear," answered the widow.

"Oh, to Bristol," repeated the young lady, slowly. "That is where his uncle lives; his uncle Charles, isn't it?"

And when Mr. Richard's mother signified assent, the young lady said no more. She seemed a trifle thoughtful as she went away to her own room to look to her things; but when she appeared at dinner she was as cheerful as ever, and the widow, with affectionate eyes and many a kindly speech, showed how she rejoiced to have this pleasant companion once more with her.

CHAPTER VI.

CHECKMATE.

When Mr. Richard arrived in Bristol he put up at a hotel overlooking College Green; but he had no intention of going at once to Holiwell Vicarage; he wanted time to think. For indeed he was as one distracted; wild projects flashed through his brain, in a sort of restless and reckless despair; one moment he would be for confessing the whole truth to Nanciebel, and throwing himself on her mercy; the next he would be for an immediate marriage as the one definite settlement of all these perplexities. He went out and wandered through the streets of the town, seeing hardly anything. He followed the Whiteladies' Road until he emerged on Durdham Down; but the fair English landscape, all shining in the white light of the spring, brought no joy to his heart. When he ought to have been thinking of Nanciebel and of his visit of the morrow, he was in reality wondering what his cousin Florence had said when she discovered he was gone; he was picturing her walking in the garden with the little widow; he could see her driving in to Stratford to make her afternoon purchases there. And what was that his mother had hinted—that if in other circumstances he had made bold to speak to Florence Kingston, he need not have feared her answer? That was not even to be thought of! How could the widow know, in any case? It was but the fond partiality of a mother. He had to turn from these fruitless and agonizing speculations over what might have been to the obvious duty that lay before him, and again and again he strove to convince himself that if he and Nanciebel were once married there would be an end to all these hopeless and futile regrets. He had been bewildered by a brilliant and fascinating apparition. Nancy and her quiet ways would win in the end. The commonplace security of ordinary life was sufficient for most folk. Vain dreams, farewell! here were peace and content, and the even tenor of one's way.

Next morning he had summoned up courage, and even formed some inchoate plans; about eleven he started off, and drove out to Holiwell Vicarage. Arrived there, the house-keeper informed him that his uncle had just gone off to see some old woman in the neighborhood, that the young ladies were at their drawing lessons, and that Miss Marlow was in the garden. Accordingly, Mr. Richard replied that he would himself go and seek Miss Marlow, and presently he had stepped forth into the outer air.

He encountered Nanciebel rather suddenly; she was coming through the archway in the walk of yew, and the instant she caught sight of him she stopped, looking startled and frightened.

"What is it, Richard?" she said, when he went up to her.

And he was amazed also. She seemed to shrink back from him, as if dreading what he had to say. Yet was not this in some measure a relief? If she had flown to him with love and joy in her eyes, how could he have played the hypocrite?

"Well, I have come to see you," he said.

"Yes," she made answer, rather breathlessly, and she kept staring at him with anxious scrutiny—"yes; but—but is that all?"

"I don't understand you," he made answer, still wondering. "I—I have no bad news, if that is what you fear; nor any news, indeed."

"Oh," she said, with her face lightening considerably, "it is merely a visit? There is nothing—nothing of importance? You see," she continued, as if eager to explain, "I did not expect you, Richard; you sent no letter, and you have come long before the usual time. I was almost afraid you might have heard—I mean that there might be some bad news, or some occasion for your coming so unexpectedly. And how is your mother? It was so kind of her to send me Tennyson's last volume—to keep my set complete. Aren't the flowers here pretty? The spring-time is always so delicious. And when are you going back to Stratford, Richard?"

He could not make Nanciebel out at all. Apparently she was most desirous to be friendly and complaisant; yet his presence seemed to embarrass her. She was nervous—constrained—her eyes watchful and furtive; this was not the Nanciebel who had clung closely to him as they walked up and down the little court-yard under the stars. Nevertheless, he was here to perform a duty.

"Yes, I have come before the proper time, Nancy," said he, ignoring her last question; "and it is to put a proposal before you and before my uncle. This separation that was agreed upon—well, you have complained of it before, and of your loneliness here, and I don't wonder at it—this separation has lasted long enough, it seems to me. I think if we could get everybody to agree, we might as well be married at once."

And again she regarded him with a sort of apprehensive look, which she instantly concealed.

"Oh, do you think so, Richard?" she said, in an off-hand way. "For I am hardly of your opinion. I think that an arrangement that was agreed to by everybody should be carried out, and then, you see, no one will be able to complain. It was to be a trial; and who could tell what was to happen when it began; and who can tell what may happen before it ends? For, you see, people are so different, Richard," continued this profound philosopher; and she seemed anxious to talk away this project into nothingness. "There are some who don't care about being petted, who are independent and self-sufficing, and they are mostly men; and there are others who like to be petted and made much of, and they are mostly women. Very well, when there is such a difference between dispositions, isn't it wise that they should be tested by time?"

"You didn't talk that way once," said he, with a touch rather of surprise than of actual disappointment or chagrin.

"Oh, well, perhaps not; for I was younger then," remarked this sage person; "and then being sent away from all one's friends and acquaintances was pretty trying at first. However, I don't complain now. No; I think it was wise on the part of your mother, and I am sure I thank her. And when do you go back to Stratford, Richard?"

He was completely nonplussed. Here was the sacrifice he had nobly determined to make put aside as a thing of naught; while he was practically invited to return home forthwith; and that he could not do. Florence Kingston was there—whom he dared not meet. Besides, how could he go away leaving the whole matter as it stood before, surrounded by all kinds of distracting uncertainties? It was for Nanciebel's own sake that he must persevere.

"To Stratford?" he repeated. "Well, you understand, Nancy, I did not think you would agree to this without some coaxing and persuasion; and I shall have my uncle to talk over as well; so I have come down to Bristol for a little while, and I am staying at a hotel there."

"Oh; for some time?" she said. "You are going to remain here, Richard?" She was silent for a second or two. "Well, it is so sudden, so bewildering. You cannot expect me to say yes just at once, even if I knew that your uncle and your mother would consent. It is so grave a step. But—but to-day is Saturday: you will give me till to-morrow? Will you come out to-morrow afternoon, Richard, and then I may be able to say something more definite? Yes, I will, I promise; to-morrow afternoon you shall have my answer."

"But I don't want to press you, Nanciebel," he urged again; for he could not in the least understand what all this meant. "I came down to Bristol for the very purpose of talking the whole thing over, and showing how it would be better and safer and more satisfactory for every one if we could arrange for this time of probation to cease. Who knows what may happen? And you may be doubtful and reluctant, of course, for it is a grave step, as you say; but I am sure it is the best thing to do; and then there will be no further misgivings or trusting to chance."

It was hardly the impassioned pleading of a